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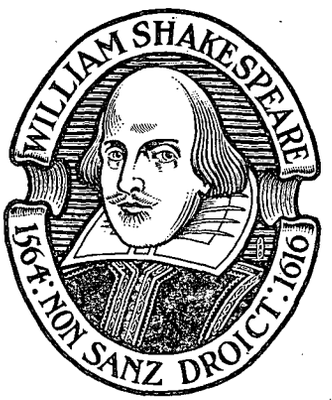

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The Week.

The country will read with astonishment that leading Senators at Washington are in a high state of Constitutional indignation with the President. It seems that he has written letters to three or four Senators taking them to task for remarks of theirs in open Senate, kindly explaining to them the law, pointing out their ignorance of his rights as commander-in-chief, and frankly warning them in advance that, if they pass Senator Foraker's bill to restore the negro soldiers, he will veto it, and that if they pass it over his veto he will refuse to be bound by it. Yet on this simple and natural showing of facts, Senators are outraged and angry, and are even talking about a resolution condemning Mr. Roosevelt's attitude! All this is absurd. As the President has repeatedly pointed out, power must be lodged somewhere, and "somewhere" means, of course, in the Executive. And if power, then wisdom also. We must have somebody to tell us what is the wise and just and lawful thing, and it is ridiculous for Senators to imagine that they can do this. It is plainly a function of the President. The Senate may rage, but the people understand the case perfectly. They knew what they were about when they elected Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency, and they desire him to keep right on instructing and correcting Congress. Some hasty gentlemen speak of his course as an innovation. On the contrary, it is a return to the practice of the fathers. Washington once addressed angry words to the Senate. Jackson took the position that he would not enforce any law which he thought unconstitutional. So why all this excitement about Roosevelt? The country put him in office to do exactly what he pleased; and what pleases him, simply delights it.

The decision of the Administration to abandon its proposed labor legislation is wise. The measures under consideration, an anti-injunction bill and an amendment to exempt labor unions from the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust law, would not have satisfied the labor leaders unless the provisions had been entirely in favor of the workman and against the employer. Representative Townsend explains that Mr. Gompers and his followers have been so insistent on this point that all possibility of harmony among even those most kindly disposed toward labor is destroyed. If Congress should pass the bills which Mr. Gompers wants, the courts would almost certainly declare them unconstitutional as class legislation. The fact is that the chief reason for urging these measures was that the Republicans must "do something for labor" before election. Mr. Taft is not popular with the unions; if his opponent makes demagogic appeals to the labor vote—and this is Mr. Bryan's specialty—there is danger that the large factory towns will be strongly against Taft. It was to guard against that probability—or to lessen the force of Mr. Bryan's attacks—that the Republican leaders conceived their plan of placating Gompers. But perhaps it is just as well for the party of moral ideas not to try to carry water on both shoulders.

It is a little hard on this great law-enforcing Administration that an inquisitive Senate should want to know why it is not enforcing the law. Several Senators have asked why the President, or his Attorney-General, had not executed the "commodity clause" of the Roosevelt railway-rate law, which went into effect on May 1. But the answer is simple. The President never did think that clause wise or necessary; a bill is pending to extend the time before it becomes operative; and so why bother about enforcing the law? The case is much the same as with the Federal law against labor boycotts. The decision of the Supreme Court on that subject remains a dead letter, so far as President Roosevelt is concerned. He does not like that law; he has urged the passage of a bill to exempt labor-unions from the scope of the Anti-Trust Act; and he is meanwhile content to say to the Supreme Court, as Andrew Jackson did. "You have made your decision; now attend to its enforcing yourself."

If the "emergency currency bill," framed by the committee of House Republicans and adopted by the party conference on Monday, had been proposed in the Senate originally, instead of the Aldrich bill, it would in all probability have passed into law. We have not yet the text of the measure, but if the telegraphic summaries may be trusted, it is apparently open to less objection than any yet proposed. It makes use of the machinery of existing clearing house associations, provides for the issue of currency, under their auspices, by banks in their membership; makes all banks in an association jointly responsible for the currency thus issued; and arranges for the formation of such associations in localities where they may not exist already. The plan amounts, in other words, to legalizing the clearing-house loan certificate issues familiar in all our panics, and giving to such certificates the right to circulate outside in the form of banknotes, instead of being used merely as due-bills substituted for "lawful money" in payment of balances between banks in a given clearing house. To insure retirement of this currency, when the emergency is over, a tax is imposed at the annual rate of 4 per cent., increasing by 1 per cent. monthly so long as the notes remain outstanding, up to a rate of 10 per cent. As a further restriction, the same cash reserves must be maintained by a national bank against its "emergency circulation" as against its deposits. On the face of things, the proposition is straightforward and intelligible. Yet there remains the question, whether or not the "Aldrich clique" and the Senate mean to act frankly in the conference committee of the two houses. If an attempt is made to slip into the conference measure any of the disingenuous provisos of the Aldrich bill, in its half-dozen different shapes, that ought to end consideration of the matter in the House.

The signing of an arbitration treaty with Japan comes like a west wind blowing away the fog. After all the bellicose talk about peace by battleships, with the distinct intimation by Administration Senators like Beveridge that a conflict with Japan was imminent, we have the State Department pursuing the rational method of insuring peace by agreeing to settle most disputes that may arise, after the fashion of enlightened nations. There can be little doubt that the treaty will be promptly ratified by the Senate, since it follows the model of the other arbitration treaties already accepted. And there is a special reason why the Senate should make haste to agree to the treaty with Japan. After a long debate, it refused to accede to the President's great peace-measure—four battleships. The reason given was that they were both needless and menacing, and that the true way to avert international trouble was to cultivate a friendly disposition, and to resort to civilized methods of adjusting controversies. Hence, when Secretary Root and Ambassador Takahira put their names to a document removing as far as possible all causes of war between the two nations, the Senate, in sheer consistency, must give a willing and speedy adherence. The outcome shows in a reassuring way how strong, after all the flurries and cries of alarm, are the forces in the modern world which make for peace. It has been common to speak of the last Hague Conference as a disappointing failure. It did, indeed, dash many bright hopes. That it should have gone much farther than it actually

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did, reasonable men contended at the time. Still, its influence and net effect were wholesome, and it certainly left some fruitful achievements to its credit. Particularly in the matter of making arbitration easier, and its refusal when offered, more difficult, it did much to impose new moral obligations upon nations, and to bring about such a series of agreements to arbitrate as has followed.

The Democrats in Congress signalized the Speaker's seventy-second birthday by a suspension of filibuster tactics, while both sides of the House joined in congratulations to its presiding officer. The incident is not an unusual one, but the outsider who remembers that a few weeks ago John Sharp Williams refused to shake hands with Mr. Cannon, and that only the other day an excited Republican Congressman put his fist quite close to the Speaker's face, will be puzzled sometimes at the importance to be attached to parliamentary amenities and ferocities. At times we catch ourselves wishing that a little more sincerity entered into the conflict between political opponents, out of Congress and in, but particularly in. Then we might have the impression, at least, that Republican and Democrat, majority and minority, Government and Opposition, meant something. We recognize, of course, that even in war there are periods of relaxation. Unionists and Confederates used to exchange news across the Virginia streams, and Japanese and Russians borrowed each other's tobacco across the Shaho. But, still, the opposing armies did have an issue, and at times did hate each other bitterly. A dose of real legislative hate, roused by a vigorous and effective Opposition, would not harm the country at large.

Representative government rivals Cleopatra in infinite variety. New developments of it are all the while occurring to startle old fogies. What could have been more unexpected, for example, than the President's threat of "Taft or me," and its success in bringing the Republican party to his heel? Something similar, it would now appear, is to be used to intimidate the Republican organization in New York. Floating hints to that effect have been caught up and given body to by President Herbert Parsons of the New York Republican County Committee. He broadly intimates that, if the Legislature does not in special session pass the Governor's bills to prevent race-track gambling, Hughes will run again, be elected, and compel the Legislature to enact not only the anti-gambling measures, but many other reforms as well. This is expected to strike terror to the hearts of Republican legislators. As the national party has to take Taft lest a worse thing befall it, so the Legislature is expected to take a single bitter dose of reform lest it later have to swallow the whole pharmacopœia! This is queer enough politics, but as an illustration of the operation of representative government it is still queerer.

We detect only a limited enthusiasm over Mr. Hearst's new party. It is certain, of course, from the claims of his own newspapers, that his followers are numbered by the million, yet they are keeping surprisingly quiet. This may be because there is such profound harmony in their party that there is no need of any clamor or contest. There is something to be said for having a tight little party, with a membership no larger than the roster of Federal office-holders, so that each man may hope to get a job. Some wonder has been expressed at the constant insistence of Mr. Hearst's newspapers that his is a "National Party." We think we know why. Mr. Hearst got the idea from reading John Morley, who noted that "Bolingbroke resorted to a common device of embarrassed politicians: he called for a national party."

The Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court has ended one grave abuse of the injunction, although it is not one of those to which the President has referred. When the theatrical managers of this city decided to bring suit against Police Commissioner Bingham for his action in closing Sunday performances, they obtained injunctions to prevent his men from entering any theatre or music-hall on Sunday except to serve warrants. In this ingenious way they expected to protect themselves by making it impossible for the police to get evidence of violation of the Sunday law. Now, by the Appellate Division, in a clear-cut and well-expressed decision, written by Justice Ingraham, this trick is blocked. The court points out that the effect of the injunctions is to give immunity from the police to certain persons and to segregate "from the rest of the city of New York a territory in which, during that period, crime may be committed with impunity." This is, of course, a plain, common-sense statement of the facts. But it is of enormous importance to the police that this view prevail. If theatres could obtain immunity, other law-breakers could as well, and those charged with the enforcement of the law would speedily find their task an impossible one.

"They all do it," is practically the defence of the head of a firm of stock-brokers, who admitted having used the securities of his customers as collateral for his own loans. "It's wrong," he frankly conceded, "but it's business." With this we may put District Attorney Jerome's defence, or perhaps we should say explanation, of the Metropolitan Street Railway's practice of "standing in with politicians"—that is, in plain English, bribing them, or submitting to blackmail at their hands. Mr. Jerome gravely said that this was really in the interest of the Metropolitan's stockholders. Without such secret payments to Tammany and to the Republican bosses, the necessary permits for street openings, and other official facilities which the company desired, could not have been obtained without great delay and loss. Therefore, if by paying out $17,000 in bribes, you could make $100,000 for your stockholders—not forgetting yourself—there was a clear business profit of $83,000. That being so, why drag in the morality of the transaction? It is not often that we see the money standard thus unblushingly avowed to be supreme. Even when men have no dregs of conscience left, they usually have some few remnants of hypocrisy about them, to prevent them from stating frankly the principle upon which they act without principle. But it is well to have the thing blurted out, from time to time. In that way we at least get a sort of touchstone by which to test current business morality. The blunt phrases of unscrupulous men—like Croker's "working for my own pocket all the time"—abide in the popular memory. They serve as catchwords, and even, such is our incurable American levity, as jests, but they do a useful office in compelling us to pause and take stock. Is it really true that our business and our morality can be entirely severed? May one be, individually, an upright man with the most delicate sense of honor, yet stoop to business practices which run close to violation of the Penal Code, and leave any conceivable moral code a wreck? The questions answer themselves.

Of the exact extent of this cynical obliteration of morals in corporation and other business, no one that we know of is in a position to speak with authority. It has confessedly been terribly common. That is, in part, what has been the matter with us since last October. Dishonesty breeds distrust. Let the notion once prevail that all securities are uncertain because all banks and railroads and corporations are doing with their eyes open the thing that is wrong, so that nobody's savings or investments are secure, and presntly no more money for investment will be forthcoming. It was not alone suspicion of financial unsoundness which brought on the panic of 1907; the moral soundness of our captains of industry was gravely questioned. Some men seem never to learn that even

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the business world must be pillared in honesty. Good faith and fair dealings are of the essence of buying and selling, if buying and selling are to be more than single slippery transactions, and are to go on from year to year. Hence the dishonest business man, even though temporarily successful, is the greatest enemy of his fellows. They are all obliged to suffer for his misdeeds. Imagine the trouble and expense to which many brokers have been put by the revelation that one broker coolly reckoned as his own, securities deposited with him. Think of the annoyance and hardships of other corporations, consequent upon the organized system of bribery so long maintained by the Metropolitan Company. One of the blessings of a time of business depression is that we see questions of business morality in a new light. Prosperity gilds the ugliest vices. If a man has millions to show for trickery or outright deceit, it leads some to think that the old-fashioned virtues are not so essential as is said. But when moral dishonor goes hand in hand with business failure—when bribing runs into bankruptcy—we are not so inclined as we were to sneer at "copy-book morality." Business men, and the public in general, ought to be able to read a moral teaching in recession of trade and commercial failures. It is that men are men before they are brokers or merchants or manufacturers; and that they cannot expect even to transact business successfully if, instead of manhood, they bring to it "the shaken thing of lusts."

Winston Churchill's defeat in the Dundee district was unthinkable from the beginning of his canvass. Yet so many observers were actually nervous over the outlook for his return that his substantial majority must seem doubly welcome to the government whose majority is so steadily decreasing. The promise of old-age pensions, the reduction of the tax on the sugar which goes into Dundee jam, and what the critics of the government call "Socialism and water"—all these helped, no doubt, as well as Mr. Churchill's own vigorous campaigning and his ready wit. Not only were there Labor and Prohibition candidates, besides the Conservative, to split up the vote, but such Unionist free-trade journals as the *Spectator* urged the citizens of Dundee to abstain from voting unless the Conservative candidate would promise to do nothing in the present Parliament to commit the country to the policy of protection. The *Spectator* itself hoped for Mr. Churchill's defeat, in the belief that it might cause the government to "draw up, even on the edge of the precipice." But Mr. Churchill is now safely in the Cabinet, ten years younger than his father was when, in 1892, he entered Lord Salisbury's first Ministry, and is embarked upon another interesting stage in what has been a meteoric career. This will naturally be the best test of his character which has yet come; it may now be seen if the curiously erratic streak in his father's composition is in any way reflected in his brilliant son and biographer.

The Prussian Poles have no intention of sitting quietly by and watching the expropriation of their lands. Having frustrated all the attempts of the Prussian Government to buy up their properties in open market, and to colonize the Polish provinces with Germans, the Poles are already taking the offensive against Von Bülow's latest move. Martin Biedermann, who has been the greatest competitor of the colonization committee, and has repeatedly beaten it at its own game by buying big estates and settling Polish peasant proprietors upon them, is now in the field with new suggestions. His own operations have placed in the hands of Poles just one-half of the land which the new law proposed to turn over to Germans; he expects now to form a society of land-owners to see to it that no property owned by a Pole shall fall into the hands of the commission, except by actual condemnation and sale. Where an estate is mortgaged, he would have the society take care that the interest is paid; if land is offered at auction, he proposes to run up the price. More than that, he wants his allies to purchase at once all the German properties that can possibly be obtained—there are many such—so that the commission will be compelled to use all its available funds for the acquisition of these lands before attacking the Polish properties. That Herr Biedermann's proposals are practicable appears from the attention given to his views in the Berlin press. He has demonstrated remarkable powers of leadership, just as the Poles themselves have shown amazing cohesiveness and readiness to spend money in defeating the will of the government. They are a unit; hence it is probable that, while the slow-moving, red-tape commission is buying up one estate, three others will be purchased and divided among a number of small owners. Moreover, the Poles are not in the least discouraged; if their fight is likely to be a losing one, they are going to make it long, and just as costly as possible to the Empire. If anything were needed to inflame them still more, it is the new associations and public-assemblage law, which makes it impossible for a Pole to stand upon a platform and address a Polish audience in its own tongue. History teaches that only consideration and tolerance can solve a racial problem of this nature, but the Germans have yet to learn that the retention by the Poles of language and customs can in no wise really injure the Empire. The cruelty of the repressive measures now resorted to is, on the other hand, certain to create traitors at home and ill-feeling abroad.

The Belgian Parliament, which has been discussing the Congo annexation treaty and the colonial law, brought its regular session to a close last Friday. A special session is to open June 2 for final consideration of the subject. The prolongation of the debate is regarded as a victory for the Opposition, inasmuch as it will yield an opportunity for studying closely the government project and for laying up campaign ammunition to be used in the approaching general elections. It is the government's policy to secure a vote on the question before the election takes place, while the Opposition has been arguing for a postponement of the final vote till the next Parliament, so as to give to the election the character largely of a referendum on annexation of the Congo. The extra session probably means that the government's views will prevail. In any case, however, annexation is now regarded as certain. Debate has largely passed from a discussion of the terms made with King Leopold to one of the future régime that shall prevail in the Congo. Under that head come the vexed questions of forced native labor as bound up with the rubber tax, of the restoration of ownership in the soil to the natives, and of the regulation of the concessionary companies, among them important American interests.

The latest flying machine, the invention of a Dane, a resident of Copenhagen, Ellehammer by name, has been pronounced by Capt. Ramsing, a high Danish authority on aeronautics, the best airship yet invented. It has an automatic rudder, which in some not yet publicly explained way keeps the ship in a horizontal position at all times. It has wings that can be folded to its sides when not in use, with the result that the whole machine requires no more housing space than an automobile. It is also the lightest machine of its kind, weighing as it does only 225 pounds, in contrast to the thousand pounds' weight of Henry Farman's aeroplane. Ellehammer's motor weighs only 70 pounds, but develops no less than 30 horsepower. With this machine the inventor has made, according to Capt. Ramsing, 200 successful ascensions. It would seem almost time, therefore, for him to undertake that long-distance flight which alone can put the stamp of genuine success upon his or any other flying machine, particularly if he is to get ahead of the ever active Wright brothers, who are now sailing about in North Carolina.

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THE DEARTH OF ISSUES.

If some little political Peterkin were to ask to-day what the glorious battle between parties is all about, "and what they fought each other for," his elders would be hard put to it for an answer. Occasionally, as in the platform of the Massachusetts Democrats, we get a terse issue, the tariff for revenue only, definitely stated; but, for the most part, the announced programmes of the two parties are sonorously vague, and overlap each other. The Ohio Democrats, for example, want popular election of United States Senators and a law limiting the power of judges to issue injunctions in labor disputes. But these doctrines are not distinctively Democratic. The "New Idea" Republicans of New Jersey want popular election of Senators, and the President and many other eminent Republicans are on record as favoring a limitation of the power of judges in this affair of injunctions. The Republicans of Connecticut "protest against monopolistic combinations which increase the price of products merely to increase the profits of producers"; but protesting against monopolies, as in the Massachusetts Convention, is one of the favorite diversions of the Democracy. So it goes. Nothing could be easier than to select from Democratic resolutions a series of "ringing declarations" which Republicans would heartily endorse; and *vice versa*. Each party seems to have stolen the other's clothes, and to have found them an excellent fit.

And it is difficult to see how the platforms at Chicago and Denver can offer any sharp contrast. The tariff is one subject on which the difference might conceivably be clear, but apparently it will not be. The Democrats are for revision as a matter of course; but they seem in general to be lukewarm about it. They were for revision in the last campaign, but Judge Parker and his managers allowed that issue to be shoved into the background and obscured. Bryan seems preparing to follow the same course; he has never been much interested in tariff reform, and so far as his recent speeches indicate, he cares as little about it as ever. Among the great causes for which he is, as usual, willing to suffer martyrdom he does not include the tariff. On the other hand, the Republicans profess readiness to undertake revision. The Connecticut Convention wants "friendly revision," and Mr. Taft has expressed himself even more explicitly. The chances of a thorough overhauling of the Dingley schedules by the Republicans are remote; but the Democrats are almost as indefinite and hesitating. People will not forget that in 1892 Cleveland was elected on that sole issue; the Democrats, then comparatively united and enthusiastic, had a clear mandate for revision; but they failed miserably in the attempt.

Historically, the Democrats have opposed "centralization" of power, and some of the leaders are now muttering threats against the Republican Administration for robbing States of their rights. But for a campaign platform that plank is thin and rotten. In his agitation for strengthening the Interstate Commerce Commission—perhaps the greatest single engine of centralization—President Roosevelt has had the ardent support of Democrats all over the country, in Congress and out. The Federal food inspection laws also were urged by Democrats and approved by Democratic newspapers. And, to crown all, Bryan has professed himself willing to go even farther than Roosevelt in centralizing control of the railways. He is for the extreme measure of government ownership—not now, perhaps, but soon. Under such circumstances, it is inconceivable that centralization can be made a leading issue.

The Philippines, too, are to be set aside as a non-controversial topic. Our altruistic citizens are sick and tired of the subject. Congress, at the instigation of the protected interests, can treat the islands as it pleases; and Secretary Taft is the only prominent man to lift his voice in behalf of our little brown brothers. Bound up with the Philippines is the question of the army and navy; but here no party line is drawn. Utah Republicans want "a greater navy, with four more battleships"; the Connecticut Republicans sagely assure us that "as regards the army and navy, they believe the enormously valuable property known as the United States of America should be fully insured." This, however, is mild compared with the outgivings of Congressman Hobson, the Southern Democrat who led the fight in the House for four battleships. Indeed, the ablest opponents of the programme for a big navy are Senator Hale of Maine and Representative Burton of Ohio, both Republicans; and John Sharp Williams and his Democratic followers are the persons who have shown the greatest zeal for President Roosevelt's policies.

In fine, unless some unlooked-for event injects a new issue into the campaign we shall have one of those fatiguing and usually disgusting contests over personalities. No principles, no great ideas will be brought forward to stir our aspirations and summon our loyalty. The dreary question will be whether we like Mr. Taft better than Mr. Bryan, and whether Mr. Taft and his friends are on the whole likely to be more honest and capable in doing exactly the same things which Mr. Bryan and his friends want to do. The orators on both sides seem fated to go round and round in the same dull treadmill, and the press will thresh over the same old straw. Our political condition is almost precisely that which Lord Malmesbury ascribes to England in the introduction to a recent book, "The New Order: Studies in Unionist Policy":

> The chief need of both the old historic parties in England at the present moment is a logical and intelligible system of political philosophy, in the absence of which practical politicians must necessarily drift hither and thither among the shallows of opportunism.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS IN ENGLAND.

Both English parties have been for some years trembling on the brink of a national plan for old-age pensions; and now the Liberals are the first to take the plunge. It was known in advance that Mr. Asquith's budget would make a beginning. During the Manchester election, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that old-age pensions would be seen within a twelvemonth. The Prime Minister now proposes that they begin in 1909. It is but a slender and experimental scheme which he unfolded to the Commons. To start with—and there are no steps backward from the cave of such governmental expenditures—a pension of 5 shillings a week ($1.25) is to be given to all worthy poor over seventy years of age, whose weekly income is not more than $2.50. Mr. Asquith reckons that the number of such pensioners will not exceed 500,000, and that the total yearly cost will not be more than $30,000,000.

The motives to this critical step are frankly political. The Prime Minister said that if his plan could be called socialistic, it was at least a kind of Socialism to which both parties were committed. This argument may do to shut the mouth of a political opponent; it cannot, however, meet the doubts or silence the inquiries of the economist, the philanthropist, or the political philosopher. Yet Mr. Asquith stated but the fact when he implied that both Conservatives and Liberals had been forced to take up the question for political reasons. The Labor Party has made it one of its cardinal tenets; and the Labor Party is now unprecedentedly strong. The constituencies have become pervaded with the idea of government pensions for the aged poor, and public men have had to deal with it. Committees have been appointed under either party to see if a bill could be drafted, and the money found. There was Mr. Chaplin's Committee of 1899; there was Lord Rothschild's Committee. Mr. Balfour's government was as strongly committed to the project, if ways and means could be devised, as the Liberal Ministry. There is thus no room left for partisan twitting. The Conservative objections to Mr. Asquith's plan necessarily reduce themselves to two: it goes too far, and it does not go far enough. That is to say, the scheme costs more than the national revenues can endure, and it should have been replaced by a scheme which

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would cost four times as much. Such is the logic of politics!

It is not strange, under these circumstances, that the opinion in the lobbies of the House was that the budget, with its attachment of old-age pensions, would be "popular." The government's proposals are expected to be adopted "without serious opposition." The most violent attack upon Mr. Asquith that the Conservative press can make is that he ought to have left all such legislation for his Conservative successor! No Liberal government can be expected to do the thing wisely. The charge is made that the money cannot possibly be obtained so long as the government clings to "the discredited fetich of free trade." But precisely there is where Mr. Asquith's financial cleverness comes in. He has produced a budget which is strictly free trade, which remits certain taxes —on sugar and marine insurance policies—lays no new imposts, involves a considerable reduction in the national debt, yet leaves a surplus of $30,000,000 for old-age pensions! This is what really infuriates the Tories.

Behind all these political manœuvrings, however, lie the serious questions about this new departure in English public policy. On what principle does it proceed? What are the consequences to be? There are two different grounds upon which the Labor Party demands pensions for the old workingman. One is that it is "a right" acquired by the mere fact of age. The man who has given his labor to the creation of the wealth of society, is entitled to maintenance when his working days are over. The other asserted basis of the pension is that it is a just compensation to those who have been actually underpaid for their labor. This implies that the rate of wages is not such as to enable workmen to provide for their own old age; hence the government must provide for it. On that we merely remark that this would be to shift to the community at large a burden which ought to rest upon the employers of underpaid labor; and that the net result would be to pension only a few in old age, while leaving all the rest to be "sweated" all their working days.

We must wait for the full text of Mr. Asquith's speech to show us what justification he offers for a non-contributory scheme of old-age pensions. The weight of opinion in England has been strongly in favor of making the pension a species of assisted insurance for workingmen. That is, the men themselves and their employers were to contribute towards a pension fund, which the government would supplement so as to make up the fixed weekly allowance in old age. This is, in general, the German plan, which France and Belgium have copied. It is true that New Zealand and Denmark have non-contributory pensions, but English conditions are so much more like those on the Continent that one would have expected the German model to be followed. Indeed, Mr. Asquith himself declared last year that he could favor no scheme which did not include contributions by the beneficiaries. Why he has now changed front in that respect, the meagre outline of his speech sent by cable does not explain.

Other questions press for an answer. How are the administrative details provided for? They would be endless and intricate. We presume that the Poor Law machinery will be utilized. What is the effect going to be upon the 3,000,000 workmen who are now paying dues to trades unions and friendly societies, in order to insure themselves sick benefits and a provision for old age? Will the nerve of their thrift be cut by the prospect of a universal government dole? If so, and in consequence new thousands come forward to claim pensions; if political considerations lead to the next step—reducing the pensionable age to sixty-five or sixty—and millions more be demanded from the Treasury, what system of national finance can support the strain? These are questions which serious men in England will be seriously debating during the next few weeks. It behooves Americans, also, to consider them, for no one can tell what day a President will bring forward the proposal that old-age pensions be established in this country.

GERMANY'S FINANCES.

The growing inability of our half-absolute government to deal with the nation's finances is characteristic of our present political situation. In no other field of governmental activity is the superiority of democratic forms of government to those of half-absolute or despotic countries more evident than in this of finance. So far as our own situation is concerned, who would have thought a decade ago that Italian rentes would stand higher than Prussian Consols? The Italian budget balances; the German Empire enters upon its new financial year with a deficit of three hundred millions of marks.

Thus writes an able Berlin observer of German affairs. Perhaps, if he were more familiar with the extravagances of our present Congress in the face of our growing deficit he might feel inclined to abate somewhat his enthusiasm for the financial wisdom of democracies. None the less, the point is worth considering. Von Bülow and his Emperor have been intent on world-problems; they have had a finger in the Moroccan pie, and built up a great navy and waged a frightfully costly war in German Southwest Africa; but they have never had time to concern themselves with such a parochial question as a careful system of finance. The art of making one's income meet one's expenditures has been too bourgeois a matter to merit their attention.

The time has now come when this policy of indifference must cease. Indeed, the end of the tether would have been reached even had there not set in the present world-wide industrial depression. It has affected Germany much as it has the United States, for the economic development of the two countries since 1870 displays many striking parallels. Both have gone ahead industrially with giant strides; in both lands the development of the iron and steel industry has been especially remarkable. Their cities have grown by leaps and bounds, and their populations have been increased by millions in each decade. Both countries have come to rely more and more upon foreign markets, and of late both have gone through periods of great prosperity and expansion of credit. Now, Germany is, as Jacob H. Schiff has recently pointed out, so largely dependent upon foreign customers that the present depression has told more heavily upon her industries than upon those of any other European nation. Hence the present crisis is felt with "special force and severity," the manufacturers have had to turn to the banks for extra aid, and money is more difficult to obtain there to-day than in any other country.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the huge new Imperial and Prussian bond issues of $162,500,000 have had to carry 4 per cent. interest and to be sold below par—at 99½—or that there was only just sufficient demand to take up these securities. With these loans, the consolidated debt of the Empire reaches the enormous total of $1,063,000,000, while that of Prussia alone is just double that figure. In 1887, twenty-one years ago, the Empire owed only $121,000,000; six years later its debt had more than trebled. In fifteen years, therefore, its borrowings have grown from $435,000,000 to the present figure, and this in a time of peace and plenty. Germany now has the unenviable position of being second only to France in the size of her debt, if one adds to that of the Empire the debts of the individual states. Even Russia has to take third place, with England fourth. It is, of course, only just to point out that this comparison is not quite fair, since there should be a differentiation between bonds issued for productive enterprises, such as railways, and those that represent unproductive expenditures. Germany, for instance, has used a large part of her borrowings for the purchase of railways; but the newest issues are primarily to meet deficits in running the government; and it is this fact that provokes public concern and unrest.

This feeling of uneasiness is intensified by the absence of any clear-cut policy of financial reform. The Chancellor has announced that, in order to per-

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mit the new Finance Minister, Herr von Sydow, to become acquainted with the problems before him, no reorganization or far-reaching measures will be undertaken until next autumn. He promises that, beginning with the next budget, no appropriations will be asked, unless there is coupled with them a method of raising the revenue they call for. If this statement means that the Chancellor has mastered one of the elementary rules of finance, it must have been received with proper approval. But the fact is that his course during the past winter has shown remarkable instability of purpose. When the Reichstag met he had at first nothing to offer; then he worked on a plan for a brandy monopoly and for a tax on cigar ribbons. When the Bundesrat had considered them, they were suddenly abandoned. Then, in February, the Financial Minister was dismissed, and fiscal reform put off for practically a year. This may be sharp politics; but at any rate the continuance of the present chaotic conditions, and the consequent heaping up of the deficit, without a finger being lifted to remedy the trouble—this is not good finance. Meanwhile, bonds to meet current expenditures are issued upon terms that weaken the credit of the nation.

The statesmen who think of retrenchment in Germany to-day are as few as with us. The others heap up military burdens, vote millions recklessly for more battleships, appropriate vast sums for expatriating the Poles, or depriving them of their land. They must maintain German honor in Africa at any cost; but he who talks economy cries in the wilderness. Why speak of paring here and paring there, and striving to save a few miserable thousands? It is only the political or editorial freelance or the Socialist who stops to consider what this policy of extravagance means, not only to the workingman, but to the man of small income and the great army of holders of office.

LUDOVIC HALÉVY.

British writers of the Liberal school are still fond of dwelling on the fact that the South African war was brought about by jealous defenders of England's imperial greatness, who bore such names as Bischoffsheim and Schwarzenberg, while the Little Englanders and pro-Boers were recruited from among the Vernon-Harcourts and the Campbell-Bannermans. If one had been asked any time within the last twenty years to pick out from among the forty members of the French Academy the one man who best embodied in himself what we generally call the Gallic spirit—the clear insight into things not always true, the half-satiric and half-lyrical appreciation of life, the facile artistry, the verve of dramatic action, the salt of style—the chances are that the selection would have fallen upon Ludovic Halévy, who was born of Jewish descent in 1834 at Paris, and died there last week. Our parallel is, however, a halting one. Concerning the sincerity of the London Jewish banker's Imperialism there might be doubt, but not of Halévy's right to typify the modern Parisian man of letters.

Evidently, the division between the Hebraic and the Hellenic spirit is not so fundamental as is commonly supposed. In any case, a career like that of the noted playwright and novelist, continuing the tradition of family that had already achieved distinction before him, illustrates both the capacity of the Jewish spirit to merge itself completely with the life about it, and the capacity of the French spirit, as corporealized in Paris, to absorb the foreign material and transmute it into one substance with itself. Some writer once remarked that the true responsibility for the outcome of the Franco-German war rested on the shoulders of one Jacques Offenbach. How could a nation which delighted in the travesty of serious things, of love as in "La Belle Hélène," and particularly of patriotism and military glory as in "La Grande-duchesse de Gerolstein," hope to make a stand against a people that takes life so seriously as the Germans? But if French frivolity, as consummately exemplified in Offenbach, the son of a Jewish cantor, brought the nation to defeat, the responsibility must be shared by Offenbach's librettist, Halévy.

There is a scene in "La Belle Hélène"—the beautiful Helen is, of course, she of Troy—in which the shepherd, Paris, is shown waiting for a letter from Venus. The message comes, carried, appropriately enough, by a white dove in its bill. Paris reads the note, and turns to the messenger. "Any answer?" The dove shakes its head. "Very well, then," says Priam's son, and the dove flies out. This is undoubtedly good fooling; but it is something more than that. In its fancifulness and its suggestion of a familiarity with the classic world that is made to border on contempt, the incident is an assurance that our author is devoting to the art of vaudeville powers which in the course of time will land him in the Academy. The way Halévy trod is the way most Frenchmen follow in their progress from obscurity to a seat among the Immortals. You begin by doing something clever and wild, preach an unrestrained and unmoral egoism like Maurice Barrès, or sing the life of the gypsy and vagabond, like Jean Richepin, or, like Maurice Donnay, recite anti-philistine verses at the Café Chat Noir, where the costume of the waiters is an imitation of the Academy uniform. With advancing years your laughter grows a bit more sober, your wit a bit more refined, your consideration for established things a bit more subservient, and you are a candidate for the Academic palms. At your reception into the Academy you are subjected to a mild form of hazing. Your frivolous past is brought up before you as something pardonable, and, on the whole, to be forgotten, and you enter into the tradition and inheritance of the Immortals. Like all immortals, you may not do very much useful work thereafter, but that is part of the scheme.

Like most great French writers, Ludovic Halévy limited himself to no single literary form. A playwright first, he is best known to the English-speaking races as the author of one of those charming idylls in novel form which the world adopts as its own and insists on making its own against all charges of sentimentalism and unreality. It is nothing against the merits of "L'Abbé Constantin" that its preëminent use among us is that of a text-book in secondary French. So the "Vicar of Wakefield" is used in Germany and elsewhere on the Continent, and the same use has made De Amicis's "Cuore" go through hundreds of editions. It is only illustrative of French versatility that "L'Abbé Constantin" should have been written by the author of "La Belle Hélène," though, for that matter, it would be easy enough to trace out the common element in both. In Halévy's best-known play, "Frou-frou," we have a far more serious theme than "Hélène," worked out with a far greater approach to reality than in "Constantin," but with the same supple dexterity. Nearer still to life he approaches in his studies of Parisian manners. Finally, Halévy had the good fortune that fell to many of his contemporaries in literature, of experiencing in person the disaster of the war against Germany. We say the good fortune, because in the development of the many-sided literary type we have been discussing, the war of 1870-71 has had a profound effect on France. Its events have entered as iron into the blood of its poets, romancers, and critics. To the history of the war Halévy contributed his "L'Invasion" and "Notes et souvenirs."

With no preëminent claim on the future, Ludovic Halévy's work will nevertheless live in part because of the high degree to which it carries the best qualities of French style—grace and lucidity. In his lifetime his reward was ample enough. The Academy is often sneered at as having had in its bosom Immortals whom the world has speedily forgotten. But it is no mean office to keep the memory of a man immortal while he is still alive. In that respect France does better by her sons than we, who must be aroused by some such specific event as an eightieth birthday to the fact that a great writer is still with us.

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OUR ART MARKET.

It is frequently said that America is rapidly absorbing the world's best art, and this view is generally held in Europe. In short, the attitude of "abroad" in this matter is fairly abject. Italy, and particularly the department of fine arts, is in a chronic state of alarm over the pictures and sculptures that go, or are said to go, irrevocably to the United States. The laws governing exportation and the scrutiny of outgoing baggage become ever more rigid. Even in France and England, the government is urged to draw up lists of objects of art for preëmption the moment the dreaded American buyer appears. J. P. Morgan cannot approach a frontier with his motor car or a harbor with his yacht without causing a shudder. At such times those who cherish the *patrimonio artistico* dream dreams of its absolutely disappearing in Mr. Morgan's hold or tonneau.

It is hard not to believe anything at once so flattering to our own taste and enterprise, and particularly when we are feared by those whose condescension we formerly endured. Yet we suppose there were a few foreign bankers who, during the flush times of the Japanese loans, smiled when they were assured that their financial glory had departed, and we know that there is a handful of European collectors for whom the American peril has no terrors. If we look at the case frankly, the American peril means not that European collectors are generally outbid, but merely that they have to pay more than they like. But there are many amateurs in London, Paris, Berlin, Milan, and elsewhere who are not obliged to practise frugality. How far the facts are from the bogy of American monopoly may be judged from the following incident. We read in an Italian art magazine:

> It is grievous to think that the splendid pictures of the late Rodolph Kann collection must go to American galleries, since they alone are able to face the fabulous prices demanded.

And then we turn the page and read:

> Among the new acquisitions of the Berlin Museum from the Kann collection are two magnificent sketches by Rembrandt, examples of Wouvermans, Ruysdael, etc.

Moreover, the frequent statement that our amateurs have the first choice of everything sold by the great European dealers is simply false. There may be one or two London dealers who usually give the preference to their American clients, but the famous art merchants of Paris still sell when they can to an inner circle of Continental collectors, who, curiously enough, pay no such prices as we Americans pay for second or third choice. In short, wherever the American peril is examined, it looks relatively harmless.

Without making excessive claims, there is reason for rejoicing that many fine objects are coming to our side of the water, and the flurry so natural a process arouses abroad merely shows how late we have come to our own. We are making up arrears artistically with an energy that confounds the sober Old World, and a philosopher may safely predict the time when Europe and the United States will in common lament the transit of art to Chili and Argentina. But with all our buying, we have not yet established a normal or stable market for works of art; and that may give comfort to the misgivings of European alarmists, while mitigating our own complacency. A stable market presupposes an abundant supply, a corresponding demand, and a knowledge of the commodity. But outside of certain paintings of the French school, which have long been trafficked in commercially, and possibly Chinese porcelains, the sale of an art collection in New York is wholly uncertain and speculative. The returns depend not upon the state of the art market of the world, but upon the prosperity of the community, the prestige of the seller or auctioneer, and the plausibility of the advertising. Ridiculous prices are paid, and preposterous bargains may be found. Already the dealers of Europe are learning to profit by the capriciousness of our collectors. Outside a narrow range of accredited art commodities, it would be very hazardous to sell an important collection in New York. In particular, no wise collector would commit good examples of the old masters to our auction public. Note that Marsden J. Perry's collection of prints by Rembrandt, Dürer, etc., comprising the highest rarities, was sold not here, but in a European capital.

So long as our collecting represents so largely the mere vanity of great wealth or an equally ignorant desire for bargains, there can be no real art market in America. Fortunately, there is a handful of astute and wealthy collectors among us, and an increasing number of amateurs whose knowledge and taste keep well in advance of their pocketbooks. These real dilettanti will gradually effect the work of education that must precede the formation of any true market. Meanwhile, it is an open question who does the most harm, the reckless millionaire who pays any price for the right things, or the thrifty bargain-hunter who pays hopefully the wrong price for the wrong things. If there is anything that makes for discouragement, it is to see certain dealers annually unload upon us the revamped, fraudulent, or merely worthless rubbish of the European antiquaries. "You don't mean my charming (any great name) which I hope is genuine, and for which I paid only three hundred dollars?" we hear an agitated bargain-hunting friend protest. We do mean your what-you-may-call-it. In a free country, to buy such a thing is no crime; but it is at least inexpedient to buy in dollars what may be had for fewer francs in the junkshops of an Old World that dreads the American Peril.

A GRADUATE SCHOOL OF AUTHORSHIP.

A complaint against our graduate schools, printed on another page, is apparently a cry from the heart. Dr. Sherman has himself been through the mill, and he should know whereof he speaks when he says that these institutions offer no training for creative literary work. We share Dr. Sherman's regret. We should like to see more young doctors who can do even that writing which is in no high sense "creative"; who can express ordinary ideas in clear prose. This is not an unattainable ideal, but it is too often unattained. Our grief, however, is less poignant than Dr. Sherman's, because we have never expected the graduate schools to train for a career in literature; they have a distinctly *different aim: to turn out teachers.* The man who goes to a graduate school in order to become an author is patronizing the wrong shop. Both the organization and the discipline of the graduate school tend to unfit a man, not merely for writing popular books, but even for writing books that appeal to the average man of intelligence and education. A modern course leading to a Ph.D. in history would have killed Macaulay as an historian; and rigorous specialization in romance philology, after the modern fashion, might have spoiled both the poet and the essayist in Lowell. We say nothing against specialization. Though the wrong man may attempt it, or attempt it in the wrong way, it is none the less an excellent and a necessary work. But early specialization, at least, is seldom the path to authorship.

Your author—if he is to be anything more than a facile journalistic hack, on the one hand, or a Dry-as-dust on the other—must have ideas. Ideas come by observation and reflection. The observation may be the fruit of direct experience with men and affairs, or of extensive reading, or both. Mr. Morley, for example, is a man who has filled his mind from both sources of knowledge. Pater was something of a recluse, and confined his interest chiefly to literature and to art. Andrew Lang is distinctly bookish—an uncommonly fine classical scholar. Vernon Lee has travelled much in Europe, and also in the realms of gold. Kipling surveys mankind from China to Peru. The author's mind, then, must be wide-ranging, in the search not merely for ideas, but for points of view, side-lights, parallels from other places and times, happy illustrations. Macaulay's

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"History" is brilliant and fascinating because his intellect swept over a field far vaster than "England from the Accession of King James the Second." Lowell's pages are almost too richly studded with strange jewels. In fine, the author is an author primarily because he has something to say.

Now the tendency in the graduate school is against intellectual ranging in any of its phases. Every school is more or less of a cloister; it affords few opportunities for direct observation of men. The policeman on his beat has a better chance to mingle with humanity. If a Tammany ward leader had highly developed powers of reflection and inference, if he were a philosopher, his mind would soon be so richly stored with material that he might write a new *Comédie humaine*. But for a graduate student such an undertaking would be unthinkable: he is confined to his books, his thesis, and his laboratory. And even in this restricted territory he cultivates but a tiny patch. If his work lie in economics or history, he is not urged to devote much time to *belles-lettres* or to natural science. He has all he can do—and more—in keeping up with the "literature" of his own subject. The scientist is only too likely to be a scientist and nothing else; and prolonged research in Anglo-Saxon syntax certainly does not furnish one with many ideas that the world will not let die. Editing one of Ben Jonson's plays may be admirable drill for the specialist in the drama; but Prof. A. S. Cook does not labor under the delusion that his young editors of Jonson are on the high road to authorship. He and they are making for another goal.

Whether any school can directly prepare for authorship as for law, medicine, the ministry, or engineering, is an open question. The experiment has never been fairly tried, though various persons have urged it, notably Walter H. Page, editor of *World's Work*. We now have our graduate schools for nearly every calling; indeed, Harvard opens next autumn a graduate school of commerce. But a school of authorship would need a different organization from any of them. It would lay its emphasis on reading extensively; specialization would be subordinate and incidental—perhaps entirely discouraged. Here the grave danger would be that the students might become mere *dilettanti*. They might half-know many things and be thoroughly grounded in nothing. Their minds might, as Newman puts it, be distracted and enfeebled "by an unmeaning profusion of subjects." They might find, too late, that smattering in a dozen branches of study means shallowness, not enlargement. To guard against this failure, some hard discipline in reflection and assimiliation must be devised—such as writing long and elaborate essays, which should be severely criticised as to both form and substance. But, again, reflection implies more or less leisure, and what outwardly appears like idling. As Stevenson puts it in his "Apology for Idlers":

> Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality. And if a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thought.

To coördinate the reading and the thinking, to allow for periods of fruitful idling, to provide some glimpse of life, say, by such means as foreign travel or newspaper reporting in vacation time, and to publish student writings and test them by professional standards—all this would be the formidable task of a school of authorship. We can hardly ask the ordinary graduate school to abandon its present work and change the whole direction of its energies for the sake of our intending essayists, novelists, and poets.

THE ROMANS IN ISTRIA AND DALMATIA.*—III.

THE ARCH OF TRAJAN AT ASSERIA AND TRAJAN'S ROUTE TO DACIA.

Perhaps the most jealously guarded of the few recent excavations by the Austrian Government Commission is that of the ancient city of Asseria, at Podgradje, near Bencovac, in the central part of the interior of Dalmatia. The city was founded long before the Roman conquest by some Greek colonists, who preferred to settle inland rather than, like the great majority of their countrymen, on the islands and the coast, where they founded the mother colony of Issa, its offshoots Epetion and Tragurion, Apollonia and Dyrrhachium in the south; Epitaurum, and several more. More exposed to attack by the native Illyrian tribes, Asseria was probably fortified from the beginning, perhaps in the third century B. C., and its walls are now among the most extensive remaining traces of the Greek race in Dalmatia. The city appears to have been one of the main inland centres of civilization, and it also appears in the annals of Roman conquest and occupation as an early storm centre.

Some years ago reports of casual discoveries on the site led the Central Archæological Commission at Vienna to decide on excavations. The leading archæologist and the architect in charge (Wilberg) were sent from Vienna; a young native archæologist from Zara was attached to the party as assistant, partly because of his local knowledge, partly because the objects found would naturally go to the museum of Zara, the nearest Dalmatian city. Another Dalmatian archæologist, now attached to the museum of Trieste, also took part. The photographs and drawings are hoarded in Vienna. The results appear to have been disappointing. I was told that the work was badly bungled. No official report—no report of any sort—has ever been published. The architectural fragments unearthed were nearly all left on the ground, and have been destroyed by the neighboring villagers or used as building material. One discovery of extreme interest was certainly made, and through much mystery and indifference I nave been able to piece it out. It is that of a memorial gate to the Emperor Trajan, erected to him in 113 by his prætorian prefect, or military commander of the province, P. Atilius Æbutianus, and dedicated, with a banquet by Laelius Proculus, for the city.

It is evident at first sight that the gateway is much later than the walls, which are constructed of immense blocks of stone, somewhat bossed and rusticated. The wall was broken in order to insert the gate, which was made to project somewhat on the left, and to recede on the right side. In its form, this gateway, with its single arcade, has more the appearance of a memorial arch than of a city gate, and should be considered in this light. The gate was still standing to a height of between fourteen and fifteen feet, and all the elements of the upper structure were found lying at the base. The principal or outer face, looking toward the country, had a double attic with a double inscription: above that of the dedicator, below that of Trajan. Both inscriptions are now at Zara. Below the attics the projecting cornice and frieze were supported by four free-standing columns forming the "order," while two smaller engaged shafts framed the opening and supported its archivolts. To the free columns resting on a high common base corresponded wall-pilasters on each of the two piers which they framed. On the other side of the arch, facing the city, the columns are not free but engaged. Of sculpture there is no trace beyond the usual decorative work and two remarkable colossal heads in very high relief, usually attributed to the two keystones—one a bull-protoma and the other a head of a youthful deity with rams' horns and a nascent beard; emblems of the city which find their counterpart in many other Roman city gates, as I have shown in a previous letter in connection with Trieste, April 23, 1908, p. 370.

But what is of unique interest, architecturally, is *the use of free-standing columns* on the main façade. There has been quite a discussion as to when they were introduced to replace the engaged shafts, producing greater effects of light and shade and new relations of form, through the overhanging attics which they supported. The so-called Arch of Drusus in Rome had them, but they are an addition of Caracalla; the most popular use of them for the general student is, of course, in the arches of Septimius Severus and Constantine in Rome. But hitherto no example has been found earlier than Hadrian, Trajan's successor; and even his arch at Athens, which has them, may not have been built until after his death. For a while it was thought that Trajan introduced them, on the strength of his arch at Timgad in North Africa, but it is now known that this arch was not built in Trajan's time, but in that of Hadrian or Antoninus Pius. At Beneventum the arch of Trajan still has engaged shafts, and it was built in 114. But a year earlier, in 113, here at Asseria, the im-

* Other articles in this series have appeared in the issues of the *Nation* for May 30, August 8, September 5, and December 5, 1907, and April 23, 1908.

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perial architect—he cannot have been a native, but one of the military or government officials—introduced this innovation. At least, until further discoveries cast this arch down from its pinnacle it is the banner-arch of the free-standing columns, the earliest remaining model of this new type which was to become the most popular of all classes of memorial arches. At the same time I believe I have discovered the source of the Asseria design, the destroyed original triumphal arch built in Rome in honor of Trajan a few years before, in about 107 A. D., as a memorial of the Conquest of Dacia, just before the building of the Forum of Trajan. The coins which portray this Dacian arch show very plainly that it has free standing columns supporting a broken architrave. Its designer and the inventor of this type is likely to have been, therefore, Apollodorus of Damascus, the famous architect and engineer of Trajan.

But this gate is interesting for historical and military, as well as architectural, reasons. It gives a different aspect to the question whether, in his second and principal Dacian war, Trajan reached the Danube by way of Dalmatia. This theory has been so universally scorned by those who have made a long and careful study of Trajan's Dacian wars, by authorities such as Cichorius and Petersen, that I hesitate to support it. But, while I cannot here discuss their theories as to sea and land routes, I can indicate some of the reasons for supposing that Trajan actually carried his army to the Danube through central Dalmatia and its *hinterland*.

We know that Trajan's first war in 101 and 102 A. D. was not one of conquest, but aimed at making of Dacia and the land across the Danube, a quiet state under the general suzerainty of Rome, a sort of Transvaal, instead of a centre of hostile raids across the river. But when Trajan, some time after Dacia had submitted, had convinced himself in 103 and 104 that Decebalus and Dacia were not honest in their professions of peace and were secretly preparing for hostility, he determined on a war of conquest and on carrying the Roman border across the river. A larger army was needed than for the first war. Trajan started from Rome. The first rendezvous was at the main port on the upper Adriatic, Ancona, where a beautiful memorial arch still testifies to Trajan's enlargement of its harbor, probably in view of this very need, though the work was not completed till a decade later. As only a part of the army needed to be carried from Italy—the bulk being formed of the legions stationed further north and west—the problem of taking them across the Adriatic was not arduous. In the sculptured historic scenes of the war on Trajan's column we see the scene of embarkation at the port, near the arch which, as at present, adjoins the quay: the whole topography of the scene in the relief fits into that of Ancona, including the temple on the heights. But where are the troops bound? One wild theory takes them on vessels as far as the Bosphorus. My own theory, in which I agree with Professor Bulic, is that Trajan carried the troops almost straight across to Salona, which was not only the nearest large port, but the central starting point for the main network of Dalmatian roads connecting both with the garrison camps and the valley of the Middle Danube, which Trajan wished to reach directly. For confirmation of this theory, it would be natural to look for some record of repairs on the Dalmatian military roads by Trajan in view of this march. We know how forehanded he was in this particular; how he had the great road along the Danube through the Iron Gates constructed in 100, a year before the first Dacian war, and how he set Apollodorus at work on the great bridge over the Danube in 101. So it is without surprise, but as a confirmation of my theory, that I see in the C. I. L. and in the Dalmatian *Bollettino* of Bulic, the inscribed milestones from this region that prove Trajan's restoration of the roads, one of them near Salona itself at Trau. Trajan's stay in Dalmatia and its connection with the Dacian campaign are shown in a multitude of ways: by buildings and engineering works like the aqueduct at Zara, by the monuments of soldiers and veterans scattered over the whole province, including those of men who did not belong to the corps regularly stationed in Dalmatia, but who took part in this campaign. Picking up the Pannonian and Mœsian legions on his way to the northeast; and appointing a rendezvous for the Germanic legions and the rest that were to come from the west, Trajan probably spent some time on this side of the Danube before crossing; and the triumphal monument at Adam-Klissi in the Dobrudscha shows how far toward the Bosphorus he descended. Whether in starting from Salona he took the more northern route via Burnum and Asseria, or the more southern route, by the Drin valley, I would not venture to suggest without further study of the region; but does not the memorial arch-gate at Asseria, though erected several years after, suggest that Trajan may have passed this way? In any case, there is cumulative circumstantial evidence in favor of the theory that Trajan selected some route through Dalmatia as the shortest and safest way of reaching his field of operations and that he had been preparing for this by putting the highways and ports in repair.

A. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Princeton, N. J.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The library of Henry W. Poor will be offered by the Anderson Auction Company of this city next season. Mr. Poor has been buying first editions and rare books for fifteen years or more. He secured some of the most important items in the Bishop Hurst sale in 1905, notably Higden's "Polychronicon," printed by Caxton in 1482, which, though lacking some leaves, brought $1,400; and the "Catholicon" of Balbus de Janua, printed by Gutenberg in 1460, which though also imperfect, with fifty leaves from another edition, brought $710. He was the purchaser likewise of choice books from the McKee library, the most valuable being the first edition of the "Imitation of Christ," printed at the first press at Augsburg in 1471, for which he paid $1,600. There are Latin, French, and Oriental manuscripts, including a Bible on vellum dated 1425, Books of Hours, with miniatures, and the "Office de la Vierge," written by that famous calligrapher, N. Jarry, for Anne of Austria; eighty-five examples of the Aldine press, including Grolier's copy of the Livy; a number of the rarer Elzevirs; early English poetry and prose, including Allot's "England's Parnassus," 1600, Gawin Douglas's translation of the "Aeneid," 1553, and Chapman's "Iliad," 1611; Americana, including Smith's New York, 1757, Beverly's Virginia, 1705, and McCall's Georgia, 1812. Of modern authors, Mr. Poor brought together first editions and some presentation copies of Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Coleridge, Rossetti, and Swinburne. Mr. Poor also has complete sets of the issues of the Kelmscott, Doves, Ashendene, and other private presses, a complete set of the Grolier Club publications, and of William Loring Andrews's books. For many years Mr. Poor has been a liberal supporter of the Club Bindery, and many of his modern books are in expensive bindings. He was a collector of early American bindings; and his copy of the "Self-Interpreting Bible," New York, 1792, bound by Thomas Allen, is one of the finest specimens of eighteenth century binding done in this country.

On May 21 and 22, the Anderson Auction Company sells a collection of books, part of them from the library of Edward H. Lowe of London. Several books with colored plates are included, among them Aiken's "National Sports of Great Britain," 1825; Westmacott's "English Spy," 1825-'826; Egan's "Life in London," 1821, and his "Life of an Actor," 1825. In early English literature there are the first folio Beaumont and Fletcher, 1647; Samuel Daniel's "Certaine Small Poems," 1605; D'Avenant's "Gondibert," 1651, on large paper; and first editions of four quarto plays by Massinger. The first editions include Hawthorne's "Fanshawe," 1828; Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," 1859, in parts; a collected set of George Eliot; Longfellow's "Poems on Slavery," and a presentation copy of his translation of the "Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique"; Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," 1818, "Rosalind and Helen," 1819; "Prometheus Unbound," 1820, and "Posthumous Poems," 1824; and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," 1848. A Greek manuscript of the Gospels written towards the end of the twelfth century, on 304 leaves of vellum, in a contemporary binding of red velvet, with silver ornaments, books with painted edges, a series of the so-called Goupil Monographs, and publications of the Bibliophile Society and the Grolier Club are other notable items.

A writer in the London *Athenæum* reports the discovery of an early prose work of Coleridge's unknown to bibliographers and apparently to the author's daughter and editor. The work is in the form of a letter, signed C. T. S.; it was elicited by an attack on Dr. E. L. Fox, a prominent member of the anti-ministerial party of Bristol. It is a pamphlet consisting of title-page (verso blank) and seven pages of letterpress. The title-page runs:—

An | Answer | to | "A Letter | to | Edward Long Fox, M.D." | [Motto:] This is the Patriot's meed! | Be he as pure as is the Mountain Snow, | He shall not 'scape the wrongs of Calumny. | Bristol: | Sold by all the Booksellers. | Price Two-pence.

No date is given, but the pamphlet must have appeared soon after the publication (December 11, 1795) of the letter which called it forth. That this answer is the work of Coleridge is proved by internal evidence. Several of the sentences are found

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in the "Conciones ad Populum" and the *Watchman*.

Correspondence.

GRADUATE SCHOOLS AND LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There has been much painful criticism in your columns and elsewhere of the graduate work in our universities, particularly in literary fields. You have, for example, commented on the vicious influence of so-called German methods of scholarship, minute specialization, excessive emphasis upon "research," the worthlessness of the ordinary doctoral dissertation, and the inadequate training of the teacher. There is one point, however, which, I think, has not been sufficiently dwelt upon: The very best men do not enter upon graduate study at all; the next best drop out after a year's experiment; the mediocre men, at the end of two years; the most unfit survive and become doctors of philosophy, who go forth and reproduce their kind. The worst thing that can be said against the graduate school is, that it turns the best men away.

The best men for literary work are men of literary taste and aspiration. An outsider would naturally suppose the graduate school to be especially alluring to young men with a desire for a knowledge of literature, men with a keen sense of literary excellence, and gifted with original literary power. Such men appear every now and then in the small colleges of the East and the universities of the West. They conceive the notion that in the graduate school of some large Eastern university they shall come in contact with professors who are men of letters, with young men who are advanced and eager students of letters. They hope to enlarge their acquaintance with great men and great ideas, to expend great energy for great returns, to advance steadily to higher levels with a more liberal air and broader prospects. They are much surprised. They are bidden to provide themselves with an adding machine to count the occurrence of "fish" and "flesh" in the poetry of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; they are asked to hearken to the vowels and consonants singing together through the Dark Ages; they are invited to embrace the inspiring relics of the Gothic gospels; they are inducted into the physiology of the vocal organs; they are set astride an enchanted broomstick and sent chasing Cuchulinn through the Celtic moonshine. Seriously, there is nothing more pathetic in the world than the sight of the ardent and aspiring souls from Utah, Oregon, Texas, and the isles of the sea, who come up to the graduate school, and, in the faith and heart-ravishing impudence of little children asking for bread, receive a gold brick. So much for their hope of enlarging their acquaintance with great men and great ideas.

Their hope of training for creative literary work fares even worse. Their original literary power is the very thing that the graduate school should nourish. This, however, is the thing that the graduate school ignores, mocks, seeks to discourage. The puissant Darwinians, who have taken charge of the "higher" study of literature are suspicious of felicity in expression. They shun popularity as they do the devil. They wish the theses of their pupils to be what is technically called "scholarly," by which they mean true to the bare literal fact, objectively presented, unrelieved by humor or feeling, embanked and barricaded with notes. Every shaving of the workshop must be presented with the peg that the workshop produced; every mouse must be accompanied by the mountain that brought it forth. The student of real literary taste and power turns away rebuffed. He may go into journalism, become a critic of the play-house, or publishing-house, write for the magazines, or drift into the novel. Journalism and literature are the weaker because he has not had the training of a sound graduate school; the graduate school is the weaker because it has turned away a man of life and promise, a man who knew what he wanted, but could not get it.

There is no branch of higher education which has set to work more deliberately to cut off its own nose than English. There is no department of the graduate school which has greater opportunities, or makes less use of them. Whether one likes it or not, English literature is the student's main road to culture—the culture that Arnold meant: a knowledge of the best that has been thought and said in the world. The manifest opportunity of advanced English teachers and students is to add, not to the sum of human knowledge, but to the sum of human knowers; to the sum of those acquainted with the immortal works of men's minds in all ages of the world. We all lament the venal and weak-kneed journalism for which we are so celebrated. Do our English teachers make any concerted attempt to catch the embryo journalist, and stiffen his knees, and supply him with ideas too costly for even the multi-millionaire proprietor to purchase? Some of us are sorry that our literary critics have no standards; that our versifiers are so vapid, so destitute both of thought and of feeling; that our novelists are so sensational and so fond of launching theories that were exploded a hundred years ago. Do our English teachers make any concerted attempt to impregnate contemporary literature with the ideas of which they are, or ought to be, the custodians? Colleges all over the country are asking the graduate schools for teachers of English literature, for men capable of interesting graduates and undergraduates in the great ideas of Englishmen of the last four centuries. Do our graduate schools send them anything but pseudo-scientific specialists? There is a remarkable case of demand failing to create supply.

I sometimes think the best university that America ever had was that audacious school of philosophy which nestled under the hills of Concord. There for a little time were gathered together a few inadequately trained but great-souled and big-minded men, with a genuine hunger for the world's culture. There, old Bronson Alcott launched his imperfect flying-machine into the "intense inane." There, Emerson discoursed with Plato and Paul and Cæsar and Dante and Montaigne and Goethe—entered into their spirits and possessed them. There—strangest spectacle that ever insulted the practical sense of Yankee land—Thoreau sat down in his $30 shanty on Walden Pond, trimmed his evening lamp, and summoned around him Confucius and Zoroaster, Buddha and Zeno; rose in the morning and made his bread by recipe of Cato the Censor, and hoed his beans by the precepts of Sir Kenelm Digby and John Evelyn. There was a moment of intellectual expansion—men laid hold upon the poles of the earth. The wave of the brief bold renaissance of ideas that produced the transcendentalists produced Hawthorne, Lowell, and Whitman, the most original and powerful poetic force that America has liberated. For a little while, the cold skies of New England were glorious. But the giants of those days are no more. Montaigne gives way to Dr. Schwan and Dr. Behrens; Goethe to Professor Sievers; Plato to Dr. Braune, and the apostle Paul to the philologer of the same name. We produce a troop of profounder scholars who know that Emerson should be dismissed with a smile; he made Chaucer borrow of Lydgate and Caxton—that's all we need to know of him. Carlyle was a dodderer; for his etymology was faulty and his voice was strained—that's all we need to know of him. Arnold was a dabbler; for he spoke of the Celtic spirit from a very inadequate knowledge of Old Irish—that's all we need to know of him. We will have our revenge of them all; we will study Lydgate and the etymological dictionary and Old Irish, and let Emerson and Carlyle and Arnold lapse with all their heroes and their hobbies into dusty oblivion.

I should like to see inscribed over the door of every graduate student of literature that splendid sentiment of Lord Bacon: "I have taken all knowledge for my province." That seems to me the only proper province for the student to claim. When he becomes a teacher or a writer, let him narrow his domain as necessity and the shortness of his life require. One episode in the life of the Prince of Darkness has always roused my admiration: "He taketh him up into an exceedingly high mountain and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." The question is whether we shall endeavor to go with our students up into a high mountain top to see the glory of the world, or whether we shall set them to burrowing in a gopher hole. It is clear that guides to the mountain top are not to be found on every corner; graduate schools are not producing many men who can point out the glory of the world. The scrupulous Darwinian will at once retort that the guides I am asking for are mere popular lecturers, flimsy generalizers, belletristic triflers. I admit that I think we need more generalizers, though it is not essential that they be flimsy generalizers. If talking in a comprehensive way about the great men and great ideas of the world is to be popular, then we do direfully need more popular men—more men like Lowell, Arnold, Leslie Stephen, John Morley. We need men with an eye for contours and altitudes, a sense for life in its fullness, an eye for the glory of the world. Such men must be recruited mainly from those whom the graduate schools are turning away uneducated into literary hackwork, journalism, and underfed literature.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Ill., May 1.

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A TEMPEST IN A SWISS UNIVERSITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Swiss universities and particularly the university of Lausanne, are much exercised over an attack that has been made upon them in the *Tägliche Rundschau* of Berlin. The questions at issue have a certain international bearing as between Germany and Switzerland. They concern university life in all countries and present some curious and amusing features. It seems that the German ministry of public instruction permits students from the Empire to spend their first three semesters at certain Swiss universities, these semesters being accepted as part of the time required for their degrees. The universities of French-speaking Switzerland are frequented by a large number of German students, who are attracted partly by the opportunity for learning the language.

But the spirit of Lausanne is proudly democratic. Socialism is treated here on its merits and is not under the ban either of law or of public opinion. And what is more, Russian students of both sexes, almost all of them revolutionists, are very numerous. At Lausanne, out of a total of about thirteen hundred in attendance, there are more than one hundred German subjects and about five hundred Russians, including the Poles. Many of the remainder are also foreigners. Besides the students, there are many Russian refugees in the cantons of Vaud and Geneva. Their respect for law has been weakened by the tyranny from which they have escaped, and several desperate crimes have been laid at their door. The murder of a bank clerk at Montreux and a robbery at Lausanne were apparently the work of Russians, not necessarily terrorists on the one hand nor revolutionists on the other, but simply bandits. The Russian students, who are an uncouth but earnest colony, in the main, have had to suffer in public opinion for the conduct of these malefactors. Of course the students are engaged in a revolutionary progaganda. That is naturally the business of their lives.

Independently of all this, there has been going on a personal quarrel between two German professors in the law-school on the one hand, and their colleagues, backed by the Swiss and some of the German law students, on the other. It began over fees, the German professors charging one of their colleagues with attracting students away from their courses and thus diminishing their revenues. These two professors, Herrn Kuhlenbeck and Van Vleuten, are in a sense treaty-professors, having been appointed subject to the approval of the German government in view of the permission granted to German students to study at Lausanne. Their courses, conducted in German, are indispensable for students expecting to be admitted finally to the legal profession in Germany.

The *Rundschau* two weeks ago stated that the patriotism of the German students in Switzerland, and especially at Lausanne, their monarchical principles, and their attachment to the theory of individualism were being undermined. Professors were teaching Socialism, the atmosphere was democratic, and the Russians were mingling freely with the Kaiser's subjects and corrupting them. Professors Kuhlenbeck and Van Vleuten were martyrs of German patriotism, doing all they could to oppose these evils. Thereupon the *Gazette de Lausanne* did not hesitate to charge these gentlemen with being the authors of the article in the *Rundschau*. They were accused of insubordination to the university authorities and with "cutting" their classes. The sad and amusing part of the whole affair has been the haste of the other law professors to disclaim all sympathy with the Russian students and all interest in Socialism. One of them is a grandson of Alexander Herzen, the famous revolutionist, yet he, too, turns his back and says "I never knew them."

German students come to Switzerland to be a little *dépaysés*. They need to be. Contact with the Russians, whom they dislike, would not hurt them. It is absurd and dangerous to require that a professor shall be an automaton, mentioning only such subjects as are specified in the title of his chair. If he be a man he will have political opinions, and if he be a man of originality and distinction his opinions will probably differ from those of the public. To grovel in the face of a little newspaper storm is to prove one's self unfit to serve as an example to the young. The incident further illustrates the exorbitant demands of German imperialism. It also shows the inconveniences of paying professors in proportion to the number of students who follow their courses.

Meanwhile a spirit of disorder pervades the university. The Swiss students have insulted Professor Kuhlenbeck. The German students are in despair over the interruption of their work. The "patriotism" of the Vaudois, rising to equal the narrowness of their German critics, may result in a serious loss of foreign patronage, upon which the university largely depends.

GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

Lausanne, Switzerland, May 1.

Notes.

This month the Oxford University Press will bring out "The Shakespeare Apocrypha," edited by C. F. Tucker Brooke, being a collection of fourteen plays which have been attributed to Shakespeare; a second volume of William Foster's "English Factories in India"; and a new edition of Stow's "Survey of London," edited with a long Introduction and notes by C. L. Kingsford.

The Doves Press will issue as its next publication Browning's "Men and Women," the first volume to be ready in June, the second in December, 250 copies on paper and twelve on vellum. The press is also beginning an edition of Shakespeare, each play forming a volume. The first, "Hamlet," will be issued in June, 1909.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce as "in preparation" an account of the great voyage of exploration of the ship Gjöa, 1903-1907, in which Capt. Roald Amundsen sailed through the North West Passage. The book, bearing the name of the passage, is by Capt. Amundsen himself, and is said to be unusually vivacious and picturesque.

T. Fisher Unwin has a sixpenny edition of George Moore's "Evelyn Innes," largely rewritten by the author.

James MacLehose & Sons are publishing an Index to the papers relating to Scotland described or calendared in the Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports. It is compiled by Prof. C. Sanford Terry, and will be uniform in size with the Reports.

Maunsel & Co. of Dublin announce a collected edition of "The Irish Poems of Alfred Perceval Graves," in two volumes, the author himself having made the selection. As the early poems are out of print and the later lyrics are scattered in various inaccessible books of music, this reprint will be welcome.

In the April issue of the *American Journal of International Law* Prof. W. W. Willoughby, of Johns Hopkins, controverts the view set forth in Dr. James Brown Scott's leading paper in the October number, "The Legal Nature of International Law." Dr. Scott maintained that the rules which govern the relations of states are as properly to be termed laws as are enacted statutes. Professor Willoughby admits that when necessary to the adjudication of causes brought before them courts will apply the generally received principles of international law, but he refuses to concede that that law, like national law, constitutes a part of the municipal law of Great Britain and the United States. He maintains, that when laws are enforced, they first must have been impliedly adopted by the English or American state as a part of its municipal law, and that the legal force of such rules and principles must have been thus derived. The number recurs, at many points, to the Second Hague Conference. Laurence Oppenheim, author of the last completed great work on international law, sets forth his views of the task and method of this science. He is the first European contributor.

"The Life and Letters of Robert Browning," published by Mrs. Sutherland Orr in 1891, has now been thoroughly revised by Frederic G. Kenyon and issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in a single volume. The greatest change has been necessitated by the publication of the correspondence between the poet and Elizabeth Barrett, and the whole chapter relating to their courtship and marriage has been rewritten by Mr. Kenyon. There are one or two other alterations of some magnitude, but for the most part the revision has been confined to correcting errors of statement in the light of recent information. The book remains substantially as Mrs. Orr left it.

We had occasion the other day to review an excellent edition of Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," to which J. Shawcross furnished notes and an Introduction. As a complementary, though entirely independent, volume we have now from the Clarendon Press "Coleridge's Literary Criticism," with an Introduction by J. W. Mackail. Here the sections of the "Biographia" dealing with Wordsworth are given, followed by excerpts from his table talk and lectures. An index makes the book useful for reference. Professor Mackail's Introduction is in his usual graceful and full vein. It is a temptation to quote his metaphor—an old one newly turned—describing Wordsworth as a critic:

He found his own life an unfathomable well into which, as his eye grew trained to see in darkness, he could plunge deeper and deeper down among the springs of life. From those depths—and they were inex-

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haustible—he drew the water of which we may still drink, and which we shall not find in other vessels. But when he rose from them, it was with eyes that did not readily adjust themselves to the upper air; and that is why he so often reminds one of an owl in the daylight. The circling flight, the poise and swoop of the critic were not his.

For a professor of mathematics in Johns Hopkins University to become editor of a daily newspaper, the Baltimore *News*, and to serve in that position for thirteen years, makes up a novel experiment in journalism. "People and Problems: a Collection of Addresses and Editorials," by Fabian Franklin (Henry Holt & Co.), gives a slight record of it. To turn from the most exact of sciences to a notoriously inexact calling, must have meant something of a mental wrench for Professor Franklin; though, of course, his interest in public affairs was not born with his active editorship. His especial training is not obtruded in these pages. One editorial, acutely analyzing the vital statistics of Chicago, which the *Times-Herald* of that city declared to be a demonstration that "the average duration of life in this city has more than doubled during a single generation," reveals mathematical powers, but the chief impress of Professor Franklin's previous studies must be sought in that moderation, with that striving after the just and fair statement, which most strikes one in these collected writings. It requires a certain boldness in an editor to bring together in this way a selection from his chance utterances on public topics; while it is necessary to shoot at folly as it flies, it has to be remembered that the arrow usually disappears with the folly. An old English editor advised a younger newspaper writer to go back occasionally, when he felt stale and depressed, to things of his own. "If you find them pretty bad, you will be sure that you can write better than that. If they seem to you good, you will be encouraged to hope that you can do as well again." If anything like that is Professor Franklin's justification for printing this gleaning from his editorial work, we can only say that his encouragement from finding the writing good will be frequent.

Prof. G. H. Palmer's life of his wife, Alice Freeman Palmer (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is not a biography in the ordinary sense, but a panegyric, the intimate and lingering praise of a radiant woman by one who knew her best. "To leave the dead wholly dead is rude," he says, and the whole book is an effort to infuse into the cold eulogy of the world which knew Mrs. Palmer's outward activities a breath of warmer personal regret. It is not a long book; yet, in our estimation, a little too long for the *genre*. Some of Miss Freeman's letters, written while she was a student at Ann Arbor, some of the testimonials from her pupils at Wellesley, might have been omitted; other parts might have been shortened. The tone of panegyric, however legitimate, becomes cloying in a short time. The important question raised, and perhaps solved, by the book is the adjusting of two busy lives in marriage. Mrs. Palmer, while giving up the presidency of Wellesley to live with her husband in Cambridge, remained a woman of many outside interests. No doubt, it is for this reason that her biographer insists on her great abilities as a home-maker, in both the higher and the lower things. The most intimate, and, by a paradox, the least sentimental chapters are those which tell of the secluded summer life of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer in Boxford, and of their sabbatical years abroad. Travelling for them was a fine art by which change of scene meant only the making of brief and beautiful homes. To those who did not know Mrs. Palmer personally, these glimpses of hidden life at Paris and Venice and Tübingen will probably remain longest in memory; to those who counted themselves her friends the whole story will be like an intimate letter.

James MacLehose & Sons, publishers to the University of Glasgow (the Macmillan Co., agent), have issued in a style uniform with Capt. John Smith's "Travels" and William Lithgow's "Rare Adventures" Fynes Moryson's "Itinerary." The four handsomely printed volumes contain, according to the sub-title, "His Ten Yeeres Travell through the Twelve Dominions of Germany, Bohmerland, Sweitzerland, Netherland, Denmarke, Poland, Italy, Turky, France, England, Scotland, and Ireland." In the *Nation* of November 21, 1907, p. 470, we briefly noted the appearance of the first two volumes. Moryson, who was born in 1566, had that *Wanderlust* which seized so many of the Elizabethans—the mark of an inquiring spirit in those days when the world was still largely unknown and full of marvels. He writes:

> From my tender youth I had a great desire to see forraine countries. And having once begun this course, I could not see any man without emulation and a kind of vertuous envy, who had seene more Cities, Kingdomes, and Provinces, or more Courts of Princes, Kings, and Emperours then myselfe.

Prompted by this feeling, he spent ten years in roving, and in 1617 he published his book. It was first written in Latin and then translated into English. The result, it must be confessed, is not of interest to the general reader. Moryson's style is rather dry and monotonous. The work does not compare, for example, with Dampier's "Voyages." The story of the travels, occupies the first volume and a third of the second. Moryson sets down in detail the price of food, clothing, and general supplies, the fares paid by boat and stage, the cost of hiring horses, and the charges at the various inns. The last two-thirds of volume two and most of volume three are devoted to an account of the Rebellion in Ireland at the close of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth. Throughout a good part of this struggle Moryson was secretary to Lord Mountjoy, the Lord Deputy. This history of the Rebellion is extremely arid—a succession of documents, letters from officers in the field to the authorities at London, and the replies, strung together on a slender and inadequate thread of narrative. The most interesting chapters, from the point of view of the general reader, are those of the fourth volume, in which Moryson discusses the apparel, the manners and customs, the laws, and the frame of government of the countries which he visited. His observations on the food, on the drinking habits—and those were the days of deep potations—on the organization of the family and the relations of husband and wife, and on punishments and the administration of law are often shrewd and entertaining. But even in these chapters much matter must be skipped. But to a student of the history of prices and of commerce all the volumes should be of value. The data furnished by Moryson throw a great deal of light on the cost of living in all grades of society in most of the countries of Europe, and the relative prices of a wide range of commodities. The work, we should say, would be an important addition to any library of economics.

"Present-day Japan," (Charles Scribner's Sons), by Augusta M. Campbell Davidson, is one of the books which touch lightly the surface of Japanese life, or if seriously attempting to enter the arcana of thought and inheritance, show little acquaintance with the historic monuments or the native literature except through translations. For this very reason, it may be, the work will be attractive to those who prefer to know about the Japan of to-day and do not care to probe phenomena for reasons. The text is based on letters written at the time and on the spot, and afterwards topically arranged. The numerous illustrations, reproduced from photographs, show taste in selection. As sympathy is itself a key to interpretation, many of the popular customs, festivals, and daily acts are made more intelligible to us by this educated English woman than by the average traveller who writes; and the national faiths, Shinto and Buddhism, are treated with more intelligence and discerning penetration. The beaten tracks were followed and two or three great cities, with Nikko, seem to have furnished the geographical basis for her thoughts and observations.

The contention set forth, from arguments based chiefly on history and archæology, that the Japanese have a rich inheritance from the same ethnic stock as the Indo-German peoples, receives some support from Kinza Hirai of Tokio. He has already written a work on "The Identity of the Japanese Language with the Aryan Languages." In an appendix (pp. 42) recently issued, he shows a comparative "Vocabulary of the Japanese and Aryan Languages." He has searched the Bengali and Assami, the Persian and Nepali grammars, and since he is already familiar with the Greek and Sanskrit, most of his comparisons of Japanese vocables are with words from these tongues. For the present, and until detailed grammatical evidence shall be presented, he is "content with this statement, that supposing the identification of our words with the Indo-European a mere chimerical fancy," his work shall serve "as suggestions and help to the memory of foreign words by association." While accepting Mr. Hirai's reserve in a matter where dogmatic statement is out of the question, we may say that his comparisons might have appeared somewhat more convincing if he had not adhered to a system of transliteration fixed nearly fifty years ago. Thus, *hito* (man) does not look or seem to sound like the Greek *phos, photes, photos*, but when printed *phŭto*, as it sounds in the Tokio dialect, seems to reveal kinship. *Kokoro*, which might properly be transliterated so as to resemble the Sanskrit and cognate forms, *e. g. hridaya*, means heart or core, or essence. *Dada* is Japanese for

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father, and *torii* for door or gate. Hirai guards his contention from the objection that the Japanese words unmistakably allied to Sanskrit might have been introduced through Buddhism, by showing that such words (which he excludes from his lists) do not number a score, the terminology of Japanese Buddhism being wholly, except the score or so noted above, of Chinese origin.

It was Professor Jowett's belief that scholars would better serve the world by executing and diffusing good translations of the classics than by the further prosecution of minute and over-specialized research. He accordingly left the royalties on his "Plato" in trust for the publication of a translation of Aristotle. In issuing the first instalment of such a translation the editors, J. A. Smith and W. D. Ross, announce that translators have already been secured for a large number of the works, and invite correspondence with regard to the remainder. The present volume, Part I., "The Parva Naturalia" (Henry Frowde), contains versions of the "De Sensu et Sensibili," the "De Memoria et Reminiscentia," the "De Somno," the "De Somniis," and the "De Divinatione per Somnium," by Prof. J. I. Beare, author of "Greek Theories of Elementary Cognition," reviewed in these columns August 9, 1906, p. 126; and versions of the "De Longitudine et Brevitate Vitæ," the "De Juventute et Senectute," the "De Vita et Morte," and the "De Respiratione," by Dr. Ross, author of an excellent edition of the "De Sensu et Memoria." The work is well done, and may be used with entire confidence by students of philosophy and the history of science. It is far more accurate than the interesting but, philologically speaking, amateurish book of Ogle, and silently corrects some errors which reviewers have pointed out in Dr. Ross's own previous interpretation of the "De Sensu et Memoria." The brief footnotes cite pertinent parallels from Plato and Aristotle, and in doubtful passages explain and defend the reading or rendering adopted. We shall follow with interest the progress of the undertaking, and shall especially welcome the "Metaphysics," a good English version of which is greatly needed.

Much material for the college study of religion is found in Prof. Frank Sargent Hoffman's "The Sphere of Religion" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The author describes and summarizes the sacred books of ancient Babylonia, Egypt, and India, the Chinese classics, the religious literatures of Greece and Persia, the Tripitaka of Buddha, the Scriptures of the Hebrews, of Christianity and Islam, and devotes more than proportionate space to the "Book of Mormon," "Science and Health," and Madame Blavatsky's "Isis Unveiled." The remainder of the volume consists of miscellaneous essays on such topics as "The Relation of the Fine Arts to Religion," "What Has Religion to Do with Education?", and "The Church and the Right to Property." The mixed character of the volume, as neither on the one hand a scientific treatise on the history of religion, nor on the other a consecutive discussion of pressing religious problems, is likely to militate against its usefulness. Professor Hoffman's spirit is tolerant and progressive, but he covers such a variety of topics and so broad a field that issue may frequently be taken with him, in point both of fact and of opinion.

A recent number of the useful Crown Theological Library is "What is Religion?" by Prof. Wilhelm Bousset of Göttingen (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The volume is a translation by F. B. Low of eight popular lectures delivered by Professor Bousset in Hanover in 1903 and published under the title "Das Wesen der Religion, dargestellt in ihrer Geschichte." As thus indicated, the treatment is historical, not philosophical. An introductory chapter asserts the significance of religion as "the most powerful factor that affects the mental life of mankind," and defines its nature as, on the one side, a striving after life, and, on the other, a belief in divine beings and in the possibility of communion with them, manifesting itself in fear and trust. The remainder of the volume is occupied with brief sketches of the principal characteristics of the various historical forms of religion. A chapter on "The Future of Christianity," in which radical opinions on the more important doctrines of the Christian faith are maintained in brief paragraphs, closes the volume. The aim of the author was practical and apologetic, to assert the worth of religion as a subject of serious study, and to defend the proposition that Christianity, in the form taught by its founder, is the highest type of religion. As a rapid survey of the field of comparative religion and a concise and graphic description of the chief types of religion, Professor Bousset's lectures are of merit. The reader who finds the volume obscure or uninteresting must be dull indeed. But the English translation should have warned the reader, as is made clear in the German, that the book consists merely of popular lectures, brief introductions to the topics of which they treat, on which opinions are still much divided. In its English dress the book scarcely does justice to the author of the learned and exhaustive history of the Jewish religion in the age of the New Testament. The translator would have done better to retain the word Kultus instead of rendering it "worship," to employ Islam instead of "Islamism." He has retained the error of Professor Bousset's text, that every seventh or eighth man in the Roman empire at the opening of the Christian era was a Jew, an error corrected in the appendix of the original to 7 or 8 per cent.

"Unser Gottesglaube," a brochure by Prof. W. Bousset of Göttingen (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr), is an attempt to popularize, especially for those just being confirmed, the positive teachings of modern theology. It is the effort to show that this theology, far from being merely or chiefly destructive, really supplies more fully than the old, the spiritual needs of the average Christian. This volume is the latest in the series Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher.

A keen but conservative study of the personalities in the New Testament and chiefly of Jesus himself is furnished by J. H. Albert Fricke in his work, just issued, "Biblische Personen, Lebens- und Charakterbilder aus den vier Evangelien, insbesondere das Leben Jesu" (Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses).

Prof. C. F. Georg Heinrici, of the University of Leipzig, in his "Der literarische Charakter der neutestamentlichen Schriften" (Leipzig: Verlag der Dürrschen Buchhandlung) furnishes an analysis of the literary character of the New Testament books, and also searches out historically the factors that have made them what they are in form and content. He surveys the Jewish and Hellenistic worlds of thought, which are both reflected in the New Testament writings.

"Zwölf Festreden" is a collection of a dozen sermons preached on such festival occasions as Christmas, Easter, Ascension Day, and Pentecost, by Prof. J. Smend, of the University of Strassburg (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht). This book belongs to the series Moderne Predigt-Bibliothek, edited by Prof. E. Rolffs. No better collection of the strictly modern type of pulpit oratory is published.

The small volume of F. von Schweinitz, entitled "Alte Wahrheit in neuer Beleuchtung" (Breslau: Gerhard Kaufmann), is a typical expression of the current tendency to reconcile modern thought with the fundamental teachings of Christianity. Its four parts discuss the questions: "Who Was Jesus?" "Is the Bible God's Word or Man's Word?" "Can Modern Thought Still Accept Baptism and the Lord's Supper?" "Can an Educated Man Still Believe in a Creator?" The position of the writer is conservative, but his work is not characterized throughout by the most accurate scholarship.

Pastor Johannes Thomae, of Querum, publishes in his recent work, "Die Absolutheit des Christentums" (Leipzig: A. Deichert), a discussion of the question as to the uniqueness of Christianity and its generic difference from other religions.

"Die religiösen Ideale der modernen Theologie" (Frankfurt: Moritz Diesterweg), a collection of four lectures, is an excellent summary of the positive teachings of advanced theological thought, and an effort to show that they meet the practical religious needs of the times. These lectures were delivered in Frankfurt-on-Main, by Oberlehrer H. Schuster, Prof. W. Bornemann, Pastor W. Veit, and Pastor E. Foerster. By an interesting coincidence, Prof. Carl Stange publishes at the same time (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs) a discourse originally delivered in Giessen on the same general subject. His thesis is that advanced theology cannot meet the religious needs of man. This brochure is entitled "Das Frömmigkeitsideal der modernen Theologie."

No. XXVIII. of the richly illustrated series of historical monographs published by Velhagen & Klasing, Bielefeld and Leipzig, under the title Monographien zur Weltgeschichte, and edited by Prof. E. Heyck, contains an excellent account of William of Orange and the great struggles for independence with which his name is linked. The book bears the title "Wilhelm von Oranien und die Entstehung der freien Niederlande." The editor of the series is also the author of this monograph.

The recent publication of the ninth volume of the "Weltgeschichte," edited, with the coöperation of leading specialists, by Dr. Hans F. Helmolt, completes this work. The characteristic feature is the arrangement of the material on the ethno-geographical principle. The Bibliographisches

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Institut of Leipzig and Vienna is the publisher.

Ernst Seraphim, who in collaboration with A. Seraphim, wrote "Geschichte Liv-, Esth-, und Kurlands," has now published a "Baltische Geschichte im Grundris" (Reval: Franz Kluge). It covers the whole history of the German Baltic provinces, especially the struggle attending their Germanization, but only timidly touches the recent attempts at Russification.

With the publication of the second volume, Dr. Ernst Cassirer's "Das Erkenntnisproblem in der Philosophie und Wissenschaft der neueren Zeit" has reached its conclusion. The first volume appeared more than a twelvemonth ago. The entire work is characterized by a remarkable completeness, especially in the case of those philosophical writers who do not play a leading rôle. Naturally the historical side of the discussion is prominent. The arrangement of the material may be criticised as unsatisfactory (Berlin: Bruno Cassirer).

A further evidence of the revival of philosophical study in Germany is the new volume of Dr. Goswin Uphues, professor of philosophy in the University of Halle, entitled "Kant und seine Vorgänger: Was wir von ihnen lernen können" (Berlin: C. A. Schwetschke & Sohn). This is an historical study of the genesis and development of the Kantean philosophy, with a new interpretation of some points, *e. g.*, Kant's postulates of practical reason.

A new work on the early literatures of Iceland and Norway from the pen of Prof. Finnur Jónsson of the University of Copenhagen, needs no recommendation to those who know his earlier writings. But his recent book, "Den islandske Litteraturs Historie tilligemed den oldnorske" (Copenhagen: Gad, 453 pp.), is intended for a larger public than his critical history in three volumes which was published some time ago (1894-1902.) The author's aim is to provide a text-book for university students as well as a manual for the general reader; and in this double purpose he has succeeded. The volume contains a sketch of Icelandic literature from 1400 to the present time.

"Les Chouans" of Balzac is published in an attractive volume by George Bell & Sons, with illustrations by J. Blake Greene and a Preface by Gustave Lanson.

The large Patrologia Orientalis, with the Paris professors R. Graffin and F. Nau as editors, has begun the publication of the Greek portions as separate parts. The first is Prof. C. Wesseley's "Les plus anciens monuments du Christianisme écrits sur papyrus: textes grecs édités, traduits et commentés." This collection begins with five different formulas in which early Christians made a sworn denial of their faith; then come a series of letters written by Christians, most important among which is that of the Presbyter Psenosiris to the Presbyter Apollonios, in reference to the Christian woman Politike banished to an oasis on account of her faith. There are also a number of *inedita* from the Rainer collection in Vienna, fragments of gospels, canonical and non-canonical, including the finds of Grenfell and Hunt, and three photographic reproductions of specimens of these documents.

The death is announced, in his seventy-third year, of Archibald Hamilton Charteris, for thirty years professor of Biblical criticism at Edinburgh University, and since 1901 chaplain in ordinary to the King in Scotland. Dr. Charteris's best-known work is his "Life of Professor James Robertson"; he has also written "Canonicity," "The Christian Scripture," etc.

Theodor Ritter von Sickel, until 1892 professor of history at the University of Vienna and director of the Institut für österreichische Geschichte, has died at the age of eighty-one. Among his published works are "Monumenta graphica medii ævi ex archivis et bibliothecis imperii Austriaci collecta," "Beiträge zur Diplomatik," "Zur Geschichte des Konzils von Trient," "Über Kaiserurkunden in der Schweiz," and "Das Privilegium Ottos I. für die Römische Kirche."

STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Letters of George Bancroft. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. 2 vols., pp. 294 and 364. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

Mr. Bancroft died in Washington January 17, 1891, not long after he had entered upon his ninety-first year. He had been a conspicuous figure as a man of letters, as something of a politician in his early days, and later as our minister to England and to Germany. The task of writing the biography of so distinguished a personage has been committed to a competent hand. Mr. Howe has performed creditably a work of peculiar difficulty. He had to dispose of a large mass of material; but he has confined the narrative within proper limits. He evinces a fair degree of sympathy; and he has been wise enough to let Mr. Bancroft tell most of the story himself through the medium of letters. As a piece of bookmaking these volumes deserve no little commendation. They are handsomely printed and well indexed.

The work will interest numerous readers, chiefly those who are now past middle life; it is not likely to delight anybody. Many of these letters are addressed to his wife; but those written from Berlin, while he was minister, to the wife of his nephew, J. C. Bancroft Davis, then living in Washington, are by far the most interesting; for they describe his daily life and experiences at a period covering the Franco-Prussian War and the formation of the German Empire. Unless we except the correspondence of a very early date, the letters of Mr. Bancroft "smell of the lamp." No humor pervades them; there is no warmth, no sprightliness, and therefore no charm. The style is artificial. One suspects that these productions were elaborately penned in the expectation that some day they would reach the eye of the public. Of course, they reveal some things that are new and well worth knowing; but the Minister to Germany is not to be compared with Mrs. Bancroft as a letter writer.

What is disclosed in these volumes will not add greatly to Mr. Bancroft's reputation as an historian. The world knew that he was industrious, and that he took great pains to collect manuscripts, or copies from original manuscripts bearing upon the early history of the United States. Upon these treasures he drew copiously, not hesitating at times (such was the custom of the day), to make "free use of his materials." Says Mr. Howe:

> Bancroft does not appear to have invented public utterances by historic characters, but he did not scruple to compile from separate reports and offer as continuous deliverances the speeches ascribed to Pitt, Conway, Grenville, and Mansfield in the Parliament of 1766. (Vol. II., p. 323.)

We will not go so far as to charge Bancroft with misrepresenting facts, either wilfully or carelessly; but it is worthy of note that he managed to bring upon himself maledictions from the descendants of Schuyler, of Greene, and of Sullivan. Whatever may have been the truth, the more the controversy raged the less Bancroft was disposed to take back under fire anything that he had written. Yet, after all, he did a notable work in the field of history. For years it was the fashion to praise his "History of the United States." If the present writer may, however, advance an opinion it would be that "The History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States," which was written when the author was in the neighborhood of eighty, is the best constructed and most valuable product of Mr. Bancroft's pen.

It was in society, in the company of brilliant men and women, that Mr. Bancroft achieved a marked success. To the last of his days he was extravagantly fond of the *salon*. He had buoyancy of spirit, and it is needless to say, an unlimited fund of information, so that he could both entertain, and be entertained, in a delightful manner. Mrs. Bancroft was one of the most charming of women. In the closing years of his life, the Bancroft house, at Washington, was very attractive, and people of distinction found their way there to be greeted with generous hospitality. Apparently he had early resolved to know intimately the best and foremost people in any country where he might be staying. With each leading statesman, distinguished man of letters or great scientist, Bancroft was pretty sure to become acquainted, and did time and circumstances permit, he would cultivate their friendship. Had his powers of observation been aided by a sounder judgment, his letters would have been enriched by a better estimate of the character and attainments of these distinguished men. As an illustration of what we mean, the following stricture which Bancroft passes upon his friend, Bismarck, will probably be regarded by the reader to be not at all deserved:

> He attends to great measures, neglects small things, takes no heed of them, and, by the way, for this he is not greater but less. Frederic the Great, Washington, Wellington neglected no detail; the greatest men are great in their attention to the minutest things no less than to general considerations. (Vol. II., p. 179.)

These words come from one who regarded James K. Polk as a great statesman—or, at least, publicly styled him such.

George Bancroft represented his country abroad with conspicuous credit. He was a thorough believer in democratic institutions, and he let that belief be known to all men. He laid deep and strong the foundation of our friendship with the German empire. His services to his country—such

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as the foundation of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, when for a brief period he was Secretary of the Navy under Polk—are worthy of remembrance. His work in the field of letters was persistent and extensive. For a period of fifty-one years he labored on the "History"; and, as a recent writer upon American literature remarks, "for all the diffuse floridity of his style, he is still a respectable authority." But Mr. Bancroft, so far as it is known, never coined a phrase or uttered an epigram, to be preserved in literature. His career has been tersely summed up by the late George S. Boutwell, who possessed an abundant stock of common sense, and could assign relative rank to his contemporaries with impartial judgment. He has said:

Mr. Bancroft's long and successful career as a writer and diplomatist would seem to be evidence of the presence of qualities of a high order, and yet no one who was near him accepted that opinion. His conversation was not instructive, certainly not in later years; nor was he an original thinker upon any subject. ("Sixty Years in Public Affairs," Vol. II., p. 248.)

After reading Mr. Howe's book one finds little reason for disputing the justice of Gov. Boutwell's criticism. Mr. Howe does not allow himself to overpraise; he presents Bancroft much as he really was. Indeed, he writes as if devoid of affection for his subject. It is this circumstance which makes the reader finish the book with the feeling that while he has profited somewhat, he has nevertheless missed that keen enjoyment which a good biography should furnish.

Sir John A. Macdonald. By George R. Parkin. Toronto: Morang & Co.

Of the twenty-odd volumes so far issued in the Makers of Canada Series, this life of Macdonald stands easily among the best. Dr. Parkin has avoided many of the faults of earlier volumes, and has given us a thoroughly sane, reasonably impartial, and very readable biography of the Canadian statesman. One rises from his book with a clearer understanding of the personality of Macdonald, and of the dominant part he played in the creation and building up of the young Dominion. While admitting frankly Macdonald's faults as man and politician, Dr. Parkin believes that the verdict of history must be overwhelmingly in his favor. Macdonald himself acknowledged that time and again he had resorted to the questionable expedients of the practical politician; but there is no reason to believe that he did so from choice, or that he was actuated by narrow or selfish motives. He believed that a large section of the people could be won to the support of certain measures only by appeals to selfish instincts. That these measures were not merely irreproachable, but of vital importance, is proved by the fact that men of the mental and moral calibre of the late Principal Grant enthusiastically upheld his policy, though condemning his methods. What is more, Macdonald's great political opponents, George Brown and Alexander Mackenzie—to whom anything like a compromise in matters of political morality was impossible—failed in the task of leadership, while he succeeded. The success of the one and the failure of the others, we can now see, depended upon many other considerations than electioneering methods; but, be that as it may, Macdonald held to the theory that elections cannot be won by prayer.

When he entered political life, the British North American colonies were scattered, weak, filled with mutual distrust and jealousies; when he died in harness, nearly half a century later, he left a stable Dominion, stretching from ocean to ocean, rising steadily to national stature under a broad and well-balanced Constitution, and a far-sighted policy of industrial development. While, as Dr. Parkin says, "Many men and many forces contributed to that great end, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that it was his personality which in 1867 made the confederation of British North America possible"; and to an even larger extent it was due to Macdonald's *firm and unerring hand and far-seeing eye* that the young confederation was piloted through the quicksands of earlier years, and placed upon the high road. No adequate estimate of Macdonald as a constructive statesman can leave out of account the peculiarly difficult and intricate circumstances under which his most effective work was carried out; and it is just here that this biography is most enlightening. Dr. Parkin brings out clearly the tangle of local, religious, and racial jealousies in the maritime colonies of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and in the two upper colonies, French-speaking Lower Canada and English-speaking Upper Canada, out of which had to be drawn a workable plan of confederation. The documentary evidence of Macdonald's share in the delicate negotiations will be found at length in Joseph Pope's Memoirs of Macdonald, and in the political history of the period; but they are nowhere more clearly or effectively summarized than in this new book.

Macdonald's extraordinary skill in the arts of a statesman and political leader was, perhaps, most strikingly shown in the final Conference at Westminster, which resulted in the British North America act—the Constitution of the Dominion. Dr. Parkin quotes Lord Blachford's tribute to the wariness and skill of this colonial statesman:

Macdonald had to argue the question with the home government on a point on which the slightest divergence from the narrow line already agreed on in Canada was watched for—here by the French, and there by the English—as eager dogs watch a rat-hole; a snap on one side might have provoked a snap on the other, and put an end to the concord. He stated and argued the case with cool, ready fluency, while at the same time you saw that every word was measured, and that while he was making for a point ahead, he was never for a moment unconscious of the rocks among which he had to steer.

Moreover, one cannot easily forget the generous appreciation of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when, in June, 1891, the death of his opponent was announced in the House of Commons. The substance of the speech will be found in Dr. Parkin's pages, but a few words may be quoted here as outlining the portrait, which Dr. Parkin has himself admirably drawn in detail:

The fact that he could congregate together elements the most heterogeneous and blend them into one compact party, and to the end of his life keep them steadily under his hand, is, perhaps, altogether unprecedented. The fact that during all those years he retained unimpaired not only the confidence, but the devotion—the ardent devotion—and affection of his party, is evidence that, besides those higher qualities of statesmanship to which we were daily witnesses, he was also endowed with those inner, subtle, undefinable graces of soul which win and keep the hearts of men.

CURRENT FICTION.

Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Democracy on the front of the stage before an applauding audience; performers absorbed in their parts, forgetting that the landlord has to be paid in money yet to be earned. Behind the stage the real play, the absorbing interest, the high stakes—occasional discreet laughter through the peep-hole when an actor makes an impassioned appeal to the gods. Democracy in front, the Feudal System, the Dukes and Earls behind—but in plain clothes; democracy in stars and spangles and trappings and insignia.

This is not the motto of Mr. Churchill's book, but a bit of fantastic description in connection with a political convention which has its incidental place in the narrative. It suggests pretty well, however, both the theme and the manner of the story as a whole. A State, unnamed, but easily identifiable, is under the political domination of a great railway. For many years this domination has been suffered by the people, partly through apathy, partly through an adroitly fostered State pride in the railway as a public institution. The Executive, the Legislature, the Railroad Commission, are all under the thumb of the president of the railroad, a citizen of New York. His representative at the front is the official counsel for the railroad, a man of blameless private reputation, who has come by degrees to look upon the service of his corporation as a kind of superior patriotism. Practically he is a corporation boss, with the vicious methods of his kind. The distribution of passes is the crude but efficient persuader by means of which the indifferent and the refractory are kept in line. In the meantime, as the years go by, though perfect understanding persists between the railway and the professional politicians, public sentiment is waking to the absurdity, at least, of the situation. The story begins at the moment when this sentiment of half-amused deprecation is turning into outraged opposition. One or two incidents chance to display in their nakedness the brutal methods of the corporation; and a leader appears in the nick of time. This leader is not really Mr. Crewe, to the spectacle of whose career we are ironically invited, but one Austen Vane, the son of the Hon. Hilary Vane, that famous generalissimo of the railway forces, in his character of chief counsel. This young man has always been regarded by his father as rather the black sheep; and the gradual reversal of positions between them, as the father comes to see the moral superiority of his son's point of view, is a study both interesting and painful.

Mr. Crewe, who becomes the open antagonist of the railway in the "gubernatorial contest," is, we say, a figure of irony. He is a millionaire, but this, we realize at once, has nothing to do with his character. Persons as busy, as knowing, as self-sufficient, are to be found on the peddler's cart, or behind the counter of the corner

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grocery. He is the jack-of-all-trades, raised by education and wealth to a large power; an egotist with an eye to the main chance as keen as that of any huckster on a smaller scale. His ardent, and in the end unsuccessful, pursuit of political office is an amusing and edifying spectacle; and it testifies to the good-humor of Mr. Churchill's portrayal, that one is left with rather a kindly feeling toward this undeniably blatant and offensive ass. But Mr. Crewe's career is not properly the theme of the book, as the author confesses by his prompt abandonment of him when he begins to be in the way. The character of Austen Vane is worthy of the deeper sympathy with which Mr. Churchill paints it; and his Victoria is altogether the most charming of his heroines. On the whole, it is clear that this popular novelist is growing in power. His style is still quite without distinction, and often slovenly. But his people are people (Humphrey Crewe being exaggerated as the irony of his conception demands), and the atmosphere in which they move is that of a ripened and really admirable humor.

Prisoners of Chance. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

From the author of "Bob Hampton of Placer" it is natural to expect other thrilling Indian tales. His present hero, Geoffrey Benteen, Gentleman Adventurer, had for a father a free-trader and for mother a St. Augustine Spaniard. With the training of a borderman, a knowledge of tongues, and a frustrated love affair, he stands equipped for the utmost that may be achieved in wild adventure. Writing in 1817, he bears testimony to the clash that attended the transfer, forty-eight years before, of the Province of Louisiana from France to Spain. His first recorded effort is to help the husband of his lost love to escape from a Spanish warship; and his latest inveelves him with strange tribes of sun worshippers, conjectured by his literary executor to be the last survivors of the Mound Builders.

The book, in a word, is nothing if not ample in reach and thorough-going in invention. Once within the temples of the Sun Cult, Mr. Parrish's right to imagine is as good as another's. In his exercise of that right he wanders free, but remains entertaining. He heaps up horrors, but does not wallow. And none of them that batten on the modern tale of exploit will feel otherwise than at home with the strange tongue that does duty in such cases —a kind of recognized Esperanto, used to express the semi-archaic, the chivalrous and the roystering, in several languages.

His First Leave. By L. Allen Harker. New York: Charles Scribner's Son's.

An agreeable little Anglo-Indian story beginning in good old style on the up-platform of an English railway and ending with a happy betrothal. The plot never thickens and the incidents barely link themselves into a chain; but they are made pleasant reading by the characterization, which is the strong point of the book. To our liking or otherwise are introduced half a dozen well-defined and even original characters. The heroine in particular is memorable as such a wholesome and attractive wheedler that one rather envies the old almshouse women whom she visited. "She don't never read to us," said one of these, "for which we thanks the Lard as made 'er." A good-for-naught or two cast the requisite shadows, but to portray kindness and honor seems more to this author's taste than to tarry long in the mire. The child pictures and the general attitude toward childhood are what might be expected from the creator of "Paul and Fiammetta."

The Forbidden Road. By Maria Albanesi. New York: The Cupples & Leon Co.

The discouraging thing about this kind of book is its deliberate commonplaceness. The young governess, plain, but with glorious eyes, of unknown but eminent parentage, dependent but really an heiress—what a dear old friend she is! The wicked baronet, the gay and selfish butterfly of society, the modest and deserving multi-millionaire—how could we do without them? How, at least, could we have done without them in the past? For it must be confessed they pall a little, they something smack. It is a trifle irritating that they should be trotted out periodically, as in the present instance, with that air of good-humored compliance. "This," the author seems to say, "is the kind of thing you want—and here you are." It is impossible to suppose that she takes the performance very seriously, but she is sure of respectable gate-money. If the thing were done a little worse, it might be disposed of as simply laughable, but it isn't quite that. It is rather regrettable, a bit of shoddy sufficiently smooth of surface to engage the eye, but with no real substance. The governess, the baronet, the millionaire, all have human attributes, and even an air of individuality; but they really are, and are meant to be, nothing more than wax figures designed with sufficient cunning to deceive the ignorant or indolent patron of the show. It is this kind of plausible sham which chiefly disheartens the well-disposed observer of our current fiction.

The Measure of the Rule. By Robert Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Barr's scheme seems to have been to take a school-boy's experiences and put them under a magnifying glass. His hero and sub-heroes are school adults and the arena where they study and struggle is a normal school for both sexes in a Western city on the shore of a great lake. The model schools attached to the normal system supply a small contingent of actual youth on whom the normal students practise their arts in equal terror of their pupils and their masters. These hours afford the sharpest thorns in the flesh of the "normalites," and are the occasion of their most virulent triumphs. The pranks and cabals of the ordinary school-boy are to those of Tom Prentiss, Sam McKurdy, and their mates, as moonlight unto sunlight. The most troublesome of all the many restrictions was that which forbade so much as a bow between the male and female contingents of the school. Hence the love-story which at last crowds out the school and takes itself quite seriously. The opening note of the book being frankly comic, the change of tone steals on one rather bewilderingly as aged school-boys, mature school-girls, eccentric professors, Mephistophelean principals, militant theologians come upon the stage to be gravely analyzed and to act like harlequins. One hardly knows whether to laugh or smile. Happily there is no occasion for weeping, unless over certain magnified non-natural horse-play. Though Tom's adventures lead him into odd places, they avoid the mire. The reader who does not find it rather solemn reading will probably call it exceedingly humorous.

Ancient Chronology. By Olaf A. Toffteen. Vol. I. Pp. xix. 302. University of Chicago Press. $2.50 net.

This, the first volume in a series entitled Researches in Biblical Archæology, issued under the auspices of the Oriental Society of the Western Theological Seminary, and edited by Dr. Toffteen, the professor of Semitic languages and Old Testament literature, deals with the chronology of Palestine, Assyria, Babylonia, and Egypt, down to 1050 B. C. Recent discoveries have led the author to attempt a reconstruction of the chronology, in which he differs in certain particulars from other scholars. The old Hebrew chronology he treats solely on the basis of the dates furnished by the Bible, without inquiring into their historical value; these questions he promises to take up in a succeeding volume, but in the present volume he appears to look upon the Biblical statements as trustworthy. The names of the patriarchs from Abraham down he regards as representing historical individuals, and he fixes the date of Abraham by summing up the figures in Genesis. The earlier list of Shem's descendants in Genesis xi. he takes to represent old Semitic dynasties. In the later Biblical accounts he recognizes the discrepancy in the two statements of the time from the Exodus to the building of Solomon's temple, a period given in I. Kings vi. 1 as 480 years, but according to the figures in Judges and Samuel, about 600 years. As explanation of this discrepancy he suggests that the narratives in Judges represent in part events that occurred before the conquest of Canaan by the Israelites; some of the judges, as Barak and Gideon, he thinks, have been placed erroneously after Joshua instead of before him. This explanation is hardly probable. There may have been Hebrew clans in Canaan before the time of Moses, but their history cannot be contained in our book of Judges; literary criticism requires us to regard this book as containing a history of affairs in Canaan after the time of Moses; and there is no difficulty in seeing that the editor of Kings has summed up the history in a round number of forties, while in Judges and Samuel a similar reckoning by forties is adopted, but in a looser way.

In Babylonian history Professor Toffteen's main divergence from the views of other scholars is in the dates of Sargon of Agade and Hammurabi. The date formerly assigned to Sargon, 3800 B. C., has been called in question by a number of Assyriologists, but no one except Dr. Toffteen has put him so late as 2550. This view the author bases partly on the form of cuneiform signs used in the inscriptions of Sar-

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gon, and partly on the fact that on the temple platform at Nippur bricks stamped with the name of Dungi of Ur (B. C. 2459-2401) appear immediately above those stamped with the names of Sargon and Naram-Sin. Obviously these are uncertain data on which to base a positive hypothesis. A similar remark applies to Dr. Toffteen's treatment of Hammurabi, whose reign he fixes at 2121-2066 B. C. Hammurabi is variously placed by recent scholars, and Professor Toffteen's date does not differ greatly from certain others, but his grounds are precarious. He relies mainly on Simplicius and Berossos. According to Simplicius, who for this relies on Porphyry, certain astronomical records in Babylonia were brought to Aristotle by an officer in Alexander's army—surely a source from which it is difficult to extract a minute chronology; and the figures of Berossos must be handled very carefully.

The connection between the civilizations of Babylonia and Egypt has lately occupied a number of scholars who are at variance among themselves. Professor Toffteen is convinced that he is able to give a simple and satisfactory statement of the early history. He adopts the view of Eduard Meyer that two distinct races, Semitic and Sumerian, existed in Babylonia as far back as the monuments go, and that a fusion took place between the two. The Sumerians, he says, came from the East about 3000 B. C. and constructed the cuneiform script from a preceding picture writing; this, in turn, had been invented or adopted by a people in Babylonia who were the ancestors of the Egyptians. Many facts, he holds, go to show that the cradle of Egyptian civilization was in the Euphrates valley, whence this people migrated to Egypt about 3350 B. C. The argument for the Babylonian origin of Egyptian civilization has been elaborated by Hommel and others, who rely chiefly on similarity in the divine names and in the methods of building, especially in the use of brick in the early monuments of Egypt. Whatever may be the explanation of this custom, the linguistic relations decidedly oppose the chronology given by Dr. Toffteen. The points of agreement between Egyptian and Semitic are now generally recognized, and it is held that the two linguistic families go back to a common ancestor; but the vast differences between the two show that their union, if they once formed a single group, must be referred to a very remote antiquity. In the present state of our knowledge it seems wise to avoid large generalizations in this field; the contentions for the priority of Egyptian or of Babylonian rest on evidence that cannot be regarded as conclusive. Nor has the time come to pronounce definitely on the original home of the Babylonians. Toffteen adopts the view of Ranke that the new Semitic settlers in Babylonia were nomads from the Arabian and Syrian plateaus, but he takes this settlement to be not, as Ranke holds, a gradual one, but the result of a well-organized migration. That Arabia was the cradle of the Semitic race is the view now regarded as probable by the majority of scholars, but it is impossible to give the chronological and other details of the various migrations. To elaborate a well-compacted theory out of the masses of facts that are coming to light every year is an alluring task, but this wealth of discoveries should rather teach caution. Toffteen goes over the Egyptian material as he has gone over the Babylonian, citing inscriptions and other authorities and constructing his chronology with the same definiteness. He regards the date of the accession of Menes, about 3285 B. C., as well assured, but he properly adds that new discoveries increase our knowledge of the early period almost daily.

In short, Dr. Toffteen's collection of material is useful, and the discussions are serious and vigorous, but it is constantly necessary to distinguish between the facts derived from good authorities and the author's reconstructions, which are often ingenious, but not always convincing.

Science.

THE MATHEMATICAL CONGRESS.

ROME, April 23.

The fourth International Congress of Mathematicians opened April 6 in the hall of the Horatii and the Curiatii at the Capitol in the presence of King Victor Emmanuele. Senator P. Blaserna, professor of mathematics and physics in the University of Rome, as president of the Accademia dei Lincei (the scientific society at whose invitation this congress met at Rome), presided. After the opening exercises, the congress met at the headquarters of the Accademia dei Lincei in the Corsini Palace and chose Senator Blaserna president; G. Castelnuovo, secretary; and V. Reina, treasurer, all professors in the University of Rome. Among the eleven vice-presidents was Prof. Simon Newcomb of Washington, the representative of the Smithsonian Institution and of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia.

At the general sessions papers were presented by Senator Vico Volterra, professor of mathematics and physics in the University of Rome, on "Mathematics in Italy in the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century"; by Professor Newcomb, "The History and Present Condition of the Theory of the Moon's Motion"; Prof. G. Mittag-Leffler of the University of Stockholm; A. R. Forsyth, Cambridge University; W. von Dyck, Munich; H. A. Lorentz, Leyden; G. Darboux, J. H. Poincaré, and E. Picard, of the Sorbonne; C. Stormer, Christiania; and G. Veronese, Padua. Professor Poincaré's address on the "Future of Mathematics" presented the underlying historical and philosophical laws essential to the advancement of science. It ought to be read by every student entering upon a scientific career, since, broadly interpreted, its general conclusions are equally applicable to all sciences.

The programme was divided into four sections: 1. Arithmetic, Algebra, and Analysis; 2. Geometry; 3. Mechanics, Physical Mathematics, and Geodesy, with a subsection of applied mathematics; 4. Philosophical, historical, and didactic subjects. Five of the papers given before these sections were by Americans, representatives of Harvard, the University of Chicago, and Teachers College of Columbia University, and one was by a professional actuary of New York. Prof. E. H. Moore of Chicago presided over the final meeting of the first section. Among the other Americans in attendance were professors of Amherst, Columbia, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Missouri, Nebraska, Northwestern, Wesleyan, and Williams, and representatives of the Coast and Geodetic Survey and of Princeton, Radcliffe, Vassar, and Yale. In planning the work of the fourth section, Professor Castelnuovo had given prominence to the programmes and methods of teaching mathematics in the secondary schools of the leading countries of Europe and in the United States. Nine papers on this subject reflected the increasing tendency to introduce into elementary courses conceptions of derivatives, ideas of motion and of functions, that is, the fundamental ideas of infinitesimal calculus, to emphasize the community of ideas in arithmetic, algebra, and geometry, and to develop a facility in making use of algebra and geometry later when solving the problems of mechanics and physics. The animated discussions which followed these papers led the congress, on motion of Professor Castelnuovo, to request Prof. Felix Klein of Göttingen, Prof. A. G. Greenhill of the Naval College at Wcolwich, England, and Prof. H. Fehr of Geneva, the editor of *L'Enseignement Mathématique*, to appoint an international committee to study this subject and to report at the next congress. The foundation of such a committee, it should be added, was urged in a paper by Prof. D. E. Smith of Teachers College. The committee can hardly fail to pay attention also to the preparation of elementary teachers, a subject ably presented by Prof. Alberto Conti of Bologna, the editor of the *Bolletino di Matematica*.

A committee made up of Prof. M. Noether of Erlangen, Professor Poincaré, and Prof. C. Segre of Turin, appointed to award a prize consisting of a medal and a premium of 6,000 lire, offered by the Marchese G. B. Guccia of the University of Palermo, reported that none of the papers submitted met the requirement of essentially advancing present knowledge of algebraic curves or surfaces. As the conditions under which the prize was offered permitted award, in such a case, to the author of any works on this subject, published within the time set for the competition, this committee decided that eight monographs written by Francesco Severi of the University of Padua, a man still under thirty, were entitled to the prize.

The congress took action in favor of forming a new section devoted to engineering; of making the next congress (to be held in 1912 at Cambridge, England) a joint congress of mathematics and physics, and of supporting the Swiss Society of Naturalists in its effort to publish a complete edition of the works of Euler.

ALICE HAYES.

The Macmillan Company announces a new (fifth) edition of "Tolhausen's Technological Dictionary," in English, German, and French, revised and brought down to date by Louis Tolhausen.

"Wild Bees, Wasps, and Ants" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a popular study of the wild bees of England by Edward Saunders, an editor of the *Entomologists' Monthly Magazine* of London. The title covers wasps and ants, but they are here substantially negligible quantities. One with a

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taste for entomology, in search of a specialty well worth pursuing, could hardly do better than take up wild bees; and for that Mr. Saunders's little book would be a valuable help. Indeed, experienced entomologists in other orders or groups than bees, who care to know something of what their fellow-workers are doing, will find his book worth a place in the library. Mr. Saunders's facts are almost invariably trustworthy; but when he gives the age of Lord Avebury's famous old ant queen as seven years, he errs by nearly one half. These studies are printed in large, clear type and are illustrated with four good colored plates and a few cuts.

It would be hard to put together on one page notices of two nature-books so widely differing in tone and quality as Mr. Saunders's "Wild Bees" and John Burroughs's "Leaf and Tendril" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Both are excellent books, written by men of high standing and ability; both treat the life of the fields around us, but they move in wholly different atmospheres. The one gives the impression of a walk through a well ordered museum; the other of a jaunt through the woods and meadows. One author knows minutely and specially; the other broadly and generally. Saunders is a systematic entomologist trained in structure and classification, but dealing largely and in a popular way with habits; Burroughs is a naturalist, more particularly a philosophic naturalist, perhaps a modern development of what a century ago was known as a natural philosopher. The title, "Leaf and Tendrils," is chosen, apparently, to disguise rather than indicate, the contents. It is simply the title of the first, and by no means most characteristic, chapter. But under whatever title, a book by Burroughs is sure of a warm welcome from many readers. As a country summer companion, it will set one to study nature with sharper and kindlier eyes; for Burroughs is not only a sympathetic but a close and accurate observer of nature. He thinks as well as sees, and has the rare faculty of setting others to thinking. Such writers as Thoreau and White of Selborne have no doubt largely moulded his mind and style. He shows great reverence for the Darwinian group of scientific men, Huxley, Wallace, Tyndal, Lubbock *et id genus omne*. But he also has a refreshing independence of great names, and does not hesitate to assert vigorously his own views, as for example on the orthodox scientific opinions about "protective colorings" (p. 54). This coloration he thinks "nature does not have much at heart" (p. 61), but "plays fast and loose with it" and everywhere "gives herself a free hand." He supports his opinions (which are by no means peculiar among younger naturalists) with a breadth of knowledge and accuracy of reasoning that make his chapter on "Gay Plumes and Dull" one of the best in the book. We may add that Mr. Burroughs's observations on natural history are of distinctly more value than his utterances on philosophy and religion.

The last volume of the Alembic Club Reprints, No. XVII., bears the imprint of the Alembic Club of Edinburgh, and also of the University of Chicago Press. It is larger than most of its predecessors, and contains the "Medico-physical Works" of John Mayow, who as early as 1668 in chemical matters relating to combustion, respiration, and other vital activities, anticipated opinions which were not established for another hundred years. The text is a translation of the five essays of the Oxford edition of 1674. The editors have noted the main facts of Mayow's life and a few explanations in a rather brief preface. The phraseology of this so closely resembles the Harveian oration of 1899 that the reader may safely infer that the editorial initials (A. C. B. and L. D.) belong in part to Prof. A. Crum Brown of Edinburgh. Judged by a few random comparisons with the original text, the translation is exact and good. but we are not quite in accord with the limitations as to explanations which the translators have set themselves. Most readers to whom chemistry before oxygen is an unfamiliar territory will need decidedly more help in finding their way. Nor is the comment as to the neglect of Mayow altogether just. Whatever the sins of the chemists may be, medical men, and particularly physiologists, may fairly claim that Mayow's merits have been freely and frequently—albeit inadequately—recognized by them. Haller notes his opinions not less than fourteen times in the third volume of the "Elementa" (1761), and various other writers (for example: Tiedemann, Bostock, Heidenhain, Zuntz in 1882, and Pembrey as recently as 1898) have shown themselves not altogether ignorant of Mayow's deserts. It may be added that B. W. Richardson in his "Asclepiad" (1887) recalled Mayow's services in an article which reappears in the collection published by his daughter in 1900 under the title "Disciples of Æsculapius."

Miss Agnes M. Clerke's "Popular History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century" (New York: The Macmillan Co.) is just from the press in a reissue of the fourth edition. No recent writer has covered the ground of the astronomy of the last century so well as the late Miss Clerke. Her acquaintance with the living, working investigators of the day and her study of the past of the science enabled her to catch a just perspective of astronomers and astronomical events. The "Popular History," first published in 1885, was revised from time to time by the author and brought forward in its story; the present issue notes events up to 1902.

Walter Gilman Berg, chief engineer of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, died in this city May 12. Born here in 1858, he studied engineering in Germany, and held important positions with several different railways. He was a member of various engineering societies, and a frequent contributor to the technical press. Among his books are: "Buildings and Structures of American Railroads" (1892), "American Railway Bridges and Buildings" (1898), "Strength of Timber" (1899), and "American Railway Shop Systems."

Dr. Franz von Leydig, professor at Tübingen in 1857 and from 1875 at Bonn, has died in his eighty-seventh year. He was the author of several works on the structure and development of the lower animals.

Drama.

The death of Ludovic Halévy, the dramatist and novelist, was announced in a dispatch from Paris, May 8. He was the son of Léon Halévy, who was himself a man of letters, and the nephew of the composer, Fromental Halévy. His grandfather was Hippolyte Le Bas, the architect. Born in 1834, he was educated in the College of Louis le Grand. For some years he held a position in the Colonial ministry, but the success of some of his earliest literary attempts, disinclined him for an administrative career; and he decided to devote himself entirely to the theatre. His first efforts were produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens, for which he wrote under the name of Jules Servières, but as soon as he was free from the duties of office, he wrote under his own name, soon forming a literary alliance with Henri Meilhac, whose name for many years was practically inseparable from his own. Their joint work was inspired by a delightful spirit of burlesque humor, which showed but small respect for the most dignified subjects or the most eminent persons. It made fun of both the military and civil administrations with an audacity and vivacity that won the hearts of Parisians, and later of the whole civilized world. Among their most memorable achievements were the librettos of Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène," "Orphée aux Enfers," "Barbe-Bleue," "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," "La Vie parisienne," "La Périchole," and "Les Brigands," and many of the most successful comic operas of Le Coq and the "Carmen" of Bizet. Earlier in his career, M. Halévy, working with other collaborators, had contributed to the librettos of Bizet's "Le Docteur Miracle," the "Bataclan" of Offenbach, and other works long since forgotten. Of a widely different character was the exclusively dramatic work of Messrs. Halévy and Meilhac. This included almost every variety of stage production, from the lightest of vaudeville sketches to the brilliant comedy of intrigue or the serious five-act drama. Some were in rhymed couplets, others in blank verse, others in plain prose. Many of them have passed into oblivion, but nearly all enjoyed a considerable measure of temporary success. Among the more famous of these works may be mentioned "Froufrou," long associated with the names of Desclée and Sarah Bernhardt; "Le Réveillon," "La Petite marquise," "La Boule," "La Cigale," "Le Mari de la débutante," and "Le Roi Candaule." While thus occupied with the theatre Halévy gave further evidence of his fecundity by producing a long series of romances, novels, and historical studies, many of which are notable for their wit, their power of analysis, their keenness of observation, and delicacy of execution. Among them were "L'Invasion," "Mme. Cardinal," "Les Petites Cardinal," "Mariage d'amour," "L'Abbé Constantin"—of which charming tale there were numberless editions long before it was finally dramatized for the theatre to afford triumphs for Coquelin and others—"Deux mariages," "Les Trois coups de foudre," "Mon Camarade," and "Criquette." Of his later works the best known, perhaps, are "Princess" and "Karikari."

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Emil Gött, the dramatist, is reported to have died at Freiburg im Breisgau. His best-known play is the "Verbotene Früchte," based on Cervantes. He has left a new completed play called "Mauserung."

Music.

Mozart. By Victor Wilder; translated by Louise Liebig. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

The most important life of Mozart is still that of Otto Jahn, who devoted twenty years of the most painstaking research to his task. His monumental work, in four volumes, appeared first in 1856-59, and has been translated into English. Invaluable for reference, it does not tempt one to continuous perusal. For that purpose it would be difficult to find among the many books on Mozart one more enticing than the "Mozart, l'homme et l'artiste," of Victor Wilder, published in Paris in 1880. It has certainly deserved the honor of a translation, even after this long interval, because of its lucid style and charm of narrative. There are reasons to think that the author of this book had not read Jahn; he was, however, familiar with the best of the sources on which Jahn himself built. A few ludicrous blunders appear, as when the writer accuses Daines Barrington of having stated gravely that Mozart was "a boy who measured seven feet in height," when as a matter of fact that lawyer had simply called the attention of the Royal Society to the fact that this eight-year-old boy's extraordinary musical talent surely made him as much worthy of that society's notice as if he were seven feet in height. Wilder also states that Mozart was "not impressed by Handel," because he rearranged some of Handel's works, when as a matter of fact this very procedure attests his admiration.

The composers of our day who think themselves ill-used in the matter of copyright profits may derive some slight consolation from reading (pp. 190-192) how much worse off were their predecessors in Mozart's day. Attention may also be called to a paragraph which proves that Mozart was by no means as careless in the choice of librettos as he is supposed to have been. Once he wrote to his father: "I have just looked through more than a hundred, and I cannot find one to my satisfaction. Even the best would need endless remodelling."

The translator, who has done her work well, has appended a good index, and a bibliography of twenty-three pages, which is quite up-to-date, including, in fact, some things hardly worth mentioning.

European teachers of music agree with those of this country that while Americans are preëminent for beautiful singing voices, few students reach the high goal aimed at simply because of their great hurry. Anything that checks this fatal tendency and enforces the lesson of thoroughness must be welcomed. The systematic course, "The Art of Vocalization" (Oliver Ditson Co.), compiled and edited by Eduardo Marzo, belongs in this category. The exercises are selected from the works of Lablache, Panofka, Randegger, Marchesi, and others, and are among the best of their kind. The style of singing taught is not that of modern dramatic opera—not the style of Wagner's "Tristan" or Verdi's "Otello"; yet these masters lost no opportunity to point out that before singers attempt their works they should have learned the breath control, the facility of execution, and the true legato which are taught by the art of vocalization.

The Bach Festival Choir of Montclair, N. J., will give its fourth annual festival May 22, 23, and 24. The principal work to be heard will be the great Mass in B minor. As this is too long for one performance, it will be divided, the Kyrie and the Gloria, comprising eleven numbers, being sung on Friday evening, while the thirteen numbers of the Credo, the Sanctus, Osanna, Benedictus, Agnus Dei, and Dona Nobis will be heard on Saturday evening. The soloists in the Mass will be Marie Kankil Zimmermann, Gertrude Stein Bailey, Nicholas Douty, and Carl E. Dufft. The final service on Sunday afternoon will include two of those magnificent motets of which Wagner said that they are incontestably the finest thing the world possesses in the way of unaccompanied vocal music. The conductor is Frank Taft.

Art.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 2.

There is a familiar remark of the older Crome to his son: "My son, whatever you may paint, even if it is a pigsty, dignify it!" But it is worth quoting again at the Royal Academy, for it seems to give the reason for the failure of that exhibition year after year. It is because the exhibitors there do not "dignify" their work, do not give it distinction. In some ways, the standard is higher than it was. Many of the younger generation have been to Paris and have learned their trade in a good school; the influence of societies like the International, and the New English Art Club, in its most youthful days, is beginning to make itself felt. But no school, no influence, will give the artist the "little more" that is so much; and the commonness of outlook, the vulgarity of conception and selection are appalling. Perhaps one is more conscious of all this in the exhibition just opened, because there are so few things that rise above the general level of mediocrity.

The one huge pretentious painting is typical. It is a portrait group of The Council of the Royal Academy, 1907, by Sir Hubert von Herkomer. It contains portraits of many of the best known Academicians—Sargent, Poynter, Swan, David Murray, Seymour Lucas, Herkomer himself. But there could not be a better example of the commonplaceness of the Academic vision. The figures, all seated save two, straggle across the canvas anyhow, against a dull, ugly, empty red background; their attitudes exhibit the free-and-easiness of the smoking-room rather than the dignity of distinguished Academicians. One cannot help thinking of the groups Rembrandt and Hals, or even the lesser Dutchmen, painted, of the dignity they knew how to give to every figure, of the fine design they could get out of any such assemblage, and the splendid color. In Herkomer's canvas there is cleverness—the cleverness of the scene painter. With the first glimpse, you might easily mistake the figures in the pictures for the Academicians themselves in the flesh. There is realism if you will, but it is the realism that belongs to the stage.

Among the portrait painters even Mr. Sargent fails us. To be sure, his Duke and Duchess of Connaught are not mere puppets; they live on the canvas; but they have not the character, the vitality, of, for instance, so many Jews that Mr. Sargent has evidently had pleasure and amusement in painting. Nothing could be more masterly than the way the gold braid and red sash of the duke's uniform are put in, and the whole dress has a wonderfully harmonious richness of color. It is the head that is weak. Perhaps the fault is not Mr. Sargent's. It is his fault, however, that the head does not keep its place in the harmony; like the figures in Herkomer's group, it seems to come out of the canvas. There is more character in the portrait of the duchess, and, it may be, more truth than Sargent meant to express in the suggestion of weariness and boredom in her face. But here, too, his interest has been apparently greater in the dress, the gorgeous black satin gown and jewels, and in the accessories. Mr. Balfour, of whom Sargent shows a large full-length, has been scarcely more of an inspiration. There is surprisingly little individuality. Of course there is the skilful handling that no other Academician can rival; there is the knowledge, the vigor that makes it restful always to turn to Mr. Sargent after the ineptitude and feebleness of too many of the exhibitors; but more than one painter who paints less well, could have given a more sympathetic and subtle rendering of the man himself. The one successful, the one beautiful thing in the picture is the strip of carpet across the foreground. The way the pattern is suggested, and a fine austerity found in the rich color, is alone a delight. There is nothing better than this in the whole exhibition. J. J. Shannon too has been painting royalty. He contributes a portrait of Princess Patricia of Connaught, and he has also a large arrangement of the Marchioness of Salisbury and Lord David Cecil, and a group of Lady Tennant and her children, the three very gorgeous and regal in detail and accessories. Yet the nudes, in the two women grouped with a gay plump little boy of a Bacchus, in Infant Bacchus, show more color, a more sumptuous harmony, than the royal and fashionable portraits he has been recently exhibiting.

The subject pictures are few and far between. A large design by F. Brangwyn may have been painted to fill some definite wall space, though there is nothing in the catalogue to say so. Its object, anyway, as in all his paintings, is frankly decorative. The effect of color is charming. He knows how to get richness and quality out of his pigments. But it is all color and little else. He calls the picture The Return. After you have looked at it a little while vague shapes emerge and you discover there is something more in the design than the chance, kaleidoscopic mosaic or paint it at first seems. You see clouds in

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the sky, you see a great cluster of grapes and fruit, you see a great brass bowl, and then arms and legs and heads, out of which, with the help of your imagination, you construct a number of figures and a procession, perhaps, returning from the vintage. Though color is a very important part of decoration, there must be line and form as well, and these essentials Mr. Brangwyn ignores more and more as time goes on. J. W. Waterhouse goes to the opposite extreme; one would thankfully have him borrow a touch of Mr. Brangwyn's vagueness. His nymphs and gods, or whatever they may be, are growing wearisome. Charles Sims, one of the new associates, is surprisingly fresh and fantastic in The Little Faun, who has strayed out of the same classic world where Mr. Waterhouse likes to wander, but to very different purpose; for he has leaped into the midst of an entirely modern luncheon party, whose cover is laid under the trees in springtime. I confess I do not quite know what it is all about, but the feeling of spring is in the gayety with which it is rendered, and, better still, there is good, sound work in the painting. The gayety and good work reappear in a fantastic little Fountain by the same artist. Another interesting picture is Campbell Taylor's Practice for the Ballet in 1830. Mr. Taylor's big canvas last year, bought for the Chantrey collection, appealed to me far less; it seemed in every way forced, affected, a reëcho. But the new canvas marks a decided advance. When you look at the low-toned interior with its quiet gray walls and serene, even light, and the little figures almost all so well enveloped in the atmosphere, you feel that the picture is one of the few in which there has been an effort to "dignify" the subject; the work is serious and refined.

The average of the landscapes is, on the whole, higher, but there are not many that call for special mention or description. George Clausen's work strikes me more than ever as having got scarcely beyond the experimental stage. In one sense an artist never should cease to experiment, for experiment means new themes and new solutions. But Mr. Clausen has never really mastered his first theme, has never got beyond his first experiment. In The Boy and the Man he gives chief importance to the figures though, again and again, he has proved that it is only when he subordinates his figures to the landscapes that he comes nearest success. Indeed, the figures seem quite apart from the rest of the picture. If Mr. Clausen lingers in experiment, Edward Stott threatens to lose himself in mannerism. In two of his small pictures I see little but the manner of expressing evening that has been growing upon him; in the third, The Flamingoes, there is such a delightful effect of color obtained from the grouping of the birds by the shores of a quiet pool that, after all, he may be already seeking new problems and new experiments, thus to save himself from falling into the pitfall of his own first successes. Alfred East has the great virtue of seeing, or wanting to see, things decoratively. He does all he can to arrange, to "dignify," to give distinction to the landscape before him. The drawback is that his pictures are often lacking in observation, while in his pre-occupation with form and arrangement he forgets light and atmosphere. His best picture this year is Outside the Bull-Ring, Algeciras, in which he suggests, though he does not realize, the play of Southern sunlight on the whitewashed wall of the ring, and fills the road leading to it with the color and movement of many figures. James Henry, Arthur Lemon, Bertram Priestman, Hughes Stanton, are others whose landscapes stand out from the mass of commonplace.

In the water-color room and the black-and-white room, there is little to detain one. The collection of sculpture has often been more distinguished in the past. Alfred Gilbert does not exhibit at all, and his absence is a serious loss. The small bronze groups by Frémiet, who has been made an honorary member of the Academy, bring a new note with them. George G. Frampton's recumbent figure for the tomb of the late Duke of Argyle has a certain solemnity and austerity, as well as a unity, that is the more striking when contrasted with the tomb of the late Marquis of Salisbury, by Goscombe John, where the head of the figure stretched out upon the tomb is so large in proportion that one seems to see nothing else. In Havard Thomas's marble bust, Portrait of a Lady, the modelling of the head is excellent, very delicately observed and felt, but the treatment of the drapery about the neck and bust is strangely awkward. Alfred Dunny's relief of Mrs. Craigie, for the memorial to be erected at University College here and also in America, is singularly characterless and ineffective. John M. Swan's bronze of Bacchus has the charm of all his smaller work. Here and there, the exhibits of a younger man—I might mention more especially the busts by Henry Poole—attract attention. But the sculpture, once the Academy's redeeming feature, is weaker than it has been for many years.

N. N.

John La Farge has been showing at his studio in this city two of his recent windows. One, based upon a Japanese motive and called The Peony in the Wind, has already been exhibited at Paris. It is one of the most characteristic and beautiful examples of the American method of leaded glass which Mr. La Farge originated. The other example is unique, partly because of the long time required for finishing it, and partly because of its extreme costliness. Although begun twenty years ago on the return of Mr. La Farge from the Far East, it has only lately been completed. Originally intended for the house of the late Secretary Hay, the panel was retained in the studio (another window being substituted), in order to work out the idea more thoroughly. The result is a masterpiece. The design of this Peacock and Peony window was suggested by a Chinese ivory of the Ming era, copied in its turn from a much earlier work. In the background, large color masses, dark purples and blues above, with a wonderful central passage of gray blue and lighter tones of broken green and lilac beneath, are relieved by the rich mellow and mysterious glow of flowers. The central motive, the bird, is built up within a leaded contour with the details fused in what seems a *cloisonné* technique; but the work is in reality infinitely more complicated, since not only thin copper wire fuses glass to glass, but platings of glass are fused to glass and other difficult processes are resorted to. Wedges of high illumination in amber and topaz shaded with purple define the wings; the plumage of the tail, superb in its mass and texture, has the sweep of a jewelled waterfall. Except for a ruby blaze and a spark or two of cardinal, there are no reds; and one may feel, as one experiences in seeing restorations of mediæval glass, how the slightest dissociation of hues in this magical work would break the spell. In the background, a large space of equable blue is the blue of night skies, or the suggested depth of the sea in a drawing by William Blake. The gold-greens of the leaves and buds have an elemental reality. Mr. La Farge is recording truth, and he reveals here his personal vision quite as completely as does his painting. In this respect the window is more than a marvel of original technique—and Mr. La Farge is the acknowledged master of glass in our epoch—and more than a document of research into color harmony. Yet on these grounds alone it is to be hoped that this unique and triumphant masterpiece, which sums up the artist's achievements in the medium, may find its permanent place in one of our public museums.

That very clever painter who needed so little to be a great one, yet so fatally lacked that little, Sir Thomas Lawrence, is the hero of the latest issue of the Newnes Art Library (New York: Frederick Warne & Co.). The text is of little importance, and it has been pointed out that two of the pictures reproduced are of doubtful, or more than doubtful, authenticity. The others give a fair idea of the ability and the weakness of their author.

"English Church Furniture," by J. C. Cox and Alfred Harvey (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the latest volume in the series, The Antiquary's Books, is completely English, and even Anglican, in character. It is a work of no great size or pretension, a simple octavo of 350 pages, in addition to an elaborate index, illustrated by small, rather old-fashioned wood-cuts, and thirty plates with half-tone pictures of fonts, stalls, misericords, dug-out chests, and carved pew-ends. The arrangement of the text and illustrations is strictly systematic. Chapter i. deals with the altar, and the accompanying rails and screens; chapter ii., with church plate, chalice and paten, cruets and flagons, and even the leather cases in which such plate is kept; chapter iii., with the piscina and the sedilia; and chapter iv., with choir-screens and rood-lofts. Thus the whole book, divided into thirteen chapters, offers a useful account of what one needs to know when visiting ancient churches, or when preparing to build and adorn a church. There is a pleasant mixture of archæology with modern criticism. The majority of readers will be attracted by the long chapter on fonts, which is adorned by photographs of admirable ancient examples. The chapter on church chests, based upon exhaustive studies, is also an excellent treatise. The first-named author, the Rev. Dr. Cox, is known as a writer on ecclesiastical archæology, but the book exhibits much feeling for antiquity other than that of the church traditions. The criticisms are unprejudiced, without bias of sect or theological faction. The

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pieces of the Jacobean period, for example, are treated with as fair a description and in as cool and critical a tone as are those of the earlier "ages of faith." Indeed, it might puzzle the reader to find out the exact position in ecclesiastical matters of the writers. They have been helped by a large number of able men, notably by Francis Bond, author of an important book on English Gothic architecture, and now engaged upon "a larger work that covers much the same ground" as the volume before us. The result is an intelligent guide-book valuable for any student of the subject.

Ars Sacra, a collection of twenty sheets to begin a new series issued by the Catholic house of Joseph Kösel, Munich, is confined to reproduction pictures of Christ. The explanatory letterpress, by Joseph Bernhart, is devoted chiefly to the interpretation of the portrait itself, and not to its painter or history. The bulk of the pictures are from older masters, the nineteenth century being represented only by two names. Another collection of nineteen portraits of Christ, called "Vom Heiland," constitutes a number in the series known as Kunst-Gaben in Heft-Form, issued by the Freie Lehrervereinigung für Kunstpflege. The editor is Wilhelm Steinhausen, the publisher Josef Scholz of Mainz. In this collection all the pictures but four are products of the nineteenth century.

The British Archæological School of Rome has been engaged for some time in preparing an elaborate catalogue of the Capitoline Museum, Rome, under the general editorship of H. Stuart Jones, the former director, with the coöperation of several English archæologists. The work, the publication of which will probably take place early next year, has involved the investigation of numerous archives; and as a result the ulterior provenances of many statues have been ascertained.

An exhibition of the art work of the schools in the United States will be held at the Museum of Natural History in this city, May 14 to 18. This exhibition will be forwarded to London for the Third International Congress on Art Education, August 3 to 8.

At the Catholic Club, No. 120 Central Park South, an exhibition of ecclesiastical art is open till May 16. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries are etchings in color at Edward Brandus's till June 1, and old sporting prints at Knoedler's.

C. H. Read, keeper of British and mediæval antiquities at the British Museum, has been elected president of the Society of Antiquaries.

The popular artist, Fritz Werner, pupil of Meissonier, has died in Berlin, at the age of eighty-one.

Finance.

RAISING PRICES ON REDUCED DEMAND

A conference of railway presidents to decide whether railway freight rates ought not to be increased, because business is bad and demand for transportation reduced by 25 per cent., is something which one might expect to find in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera; but such a meeting has actually been held in New York. The trunk line officials who discussed this extraordinary proposal last week, are said "not to have been entirely unanimous" and to have put off action "until after the Presidential election." This is more easily understood than the fact that such a proposition should have been discussed at all. One report was that the practical railway men objected vigorously, but that E. H. Harriman, who represented the Wall Street interest, applied all the pressure in his power. Other explanations have been circulated. The railways are under heavy running expenses; they have incurred large debts, and yet need more money for improvements and extensions; and the trade depression has cut down net earnings to less than three-fourths of what they were a year ago. If they can force the shipper to make good this difference by a 10 to 15 per cent. increase in freight rates, and if the shipper can then recoup himself by raising the price of his goods, the problem will be solved.

But this reasoning undertakes to establish too much. Probably there never was a merchant or manufacturer or transportation agent, confronted by a heavy shrinkage in demand for his goods or services, who would not have been glad to "average matters up" by raising prices against customers who still remained. He would, however, have laughed in the face of any one who suggested such an idea. That this plan, from a simple business point of view, is utterly unsound, no intelligent man will deny. If a railway can recoup its losses from trade depression by advancing prices, then so can any other industry in which fair play and honest competition prevail. On this supposition, the cotton mills, which lately met a 30 per cent. reduction in consumers' purchases by a 25 to 50 per cent. cut in prices, were victims of a delusion. What they should have done, in line with this new political economy and commercial practice, was to have marked up their prices a quarter or a half. Fall River and Providence will answer that such an experiment would have paralyzed the business. True, the steel manufacturers have thus far adopted a "stand-pat policy" and refused concessions; but the steel trade is not likely to continue this policy. Already the steel manufacturers have suffered; at the moment when the cotton trade is reporting improved demand and better business, the monthly production and consumption figures for iron and steel show a steady decline.

What, then, are we to say of the fact that, at least in a tentative way, last week's conference endorsed the plan of trying higher rates in the autumn? The railway men in private argue that they fear to make any cut in wages of employees—not alone because of the threats of labor unions, which they have defied before, and which, in the present slack traffic, they could defy again, but because of the attitude of the government, as indicated in an exceedingly ill-judged letter of President Roosevelt to the Interstate Commerce Commission, last February. In it he said of possible wage reductions by the railways:

> If the reduction in wages is due to natural causes, the loss of business being such that the burden should be, and is, equitably distributed between the capitalist and wage-worker, the public should know it. If it is caused by legislation, the public and Congress should know it, and if it is caused by misconduct in the financial and other operation of any railroad, then everybody should know it.

This manifesto created some embarrassment for the railroads, and in a double way. The first sentence hinted pretty definitely that dividends ought to be cut along with wages. In this suggestion—however unpleasant the process might be to the railways—a good part of the public would agree. But the closing sentence plainly held over the head of any wage-reducing railway the threat of an "investigation for misconduct."

This attitude of the President was unwarranted; because past misconduct cannot be alleged as a reason for not reducing wages in a time of depression and of greatly diminished earnings, any more than it could be urged as a reason for not reducing dividends. The question at issue is, whether a company's present earnings will or will not enable it to continue paying former dividends and former wages. If not, the fact that somebody mismanaged it in 1906 or 1901 or 1897 or 1873 has no relevance whatever.

It was reported in Wall Street, at the time of the above letter, that the President had expressed his willingness to see rates advanced. If this was true, his attitude is indefensible. Whatever may be said as to motives and inducements, plain common sense will show that the raising of rates under present conditions would be possible only through either monopoly or a combination as clearly in restraint of trade as were the railway undertakings which the Administration has brought into court. There is no intelligent railway official who would not admit that so violent an expedient as arbitrarily raising prices in the face of reduced demand would be surely disastrous to the company undertaking it, unless all competitors were bound by agreement to do the same. But if this were to be the case, what is the limit of the policy? Why stop with a 10 or 15 per cent. advance? Why not 50 per cent.? No wonder the mercantile organizations of the West have met the first rumors of this rate experiment with vigorous remonstrance. They ought to continue their protest until so inexcusable a manœuvre is finally blocked.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Florence Ellinwood. Patris. Cleveland: Horace Carr.

Astley, H. J. Dunkinfield. Prehistoric Archæology and the Old Testament. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.

Batiffol, Louis. Marie Médicis and Her Court. Translated by Mary King. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.

Bender, Ida C. The Primer. Charles E. Merrill Co.

Benson, Arthur Christopher. The Schoolmaster. Putnams. $1.25 net.

Britton, Nathaniel Lord. North American Trees. Holt.

Budget of Greater New York. L. Graham Crozier. 25 cents.

Case for the Goat, with the Practical Experience of twenty-four Experts. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Charles, R H. The Greek Version of the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs. Henry Frowde. $5.75.

Chatfield, Mary A. Light on Dark Places at Panama. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.

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Conant, Charles A. A History of Modern Banks of Issue. Putnams. $3 net.
Conant, Charles A. The Principles of Banking. Harpers. $1.75 net.
Daggett, Stuart. Railroad Reorganization. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Davis, Charles Belmont. The Stage Door. Scribners.
Deland, Margaret. R. J.'s Mother and Some Other People. Harpers. $1.50.
Dennis, James S. The New Horoscope of Missions. Revell. $1 net.
Edwards, John Harrington. God and Music. Baker & Taylor Co.
Essays Philosophical and Psychological in Honor of William James. Longmans.
Ficke, Arthur Davison. The Earth Passion. Carnleigh, Surrey: The Samurai Press.
Fletcher, Beaumont. Richard Wilson. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Franklin, Fabian. People and Problems. Holt. $1.50 net.
Godrycz, J. The Doctrine of Modernism and Its Refutation. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.
Harbin, Robert Maxwell. Health and Happiness. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press.
Harper, Ida Husted. The Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony. Vol. III. Indianapolis: Hollenbeck Press.
Harrison, Frederic. My Alpine Jubilee. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Harvard University, Reports of the President and the Treasurer. 1906-07. Cambridge, Mass.
Hereford, Beatrice. Monologues. Scribners. $1.25.
Hevia, Aurelio. Articulos y Documentos Referentes a la Condicion Actual de Cuba. Habana.
Hewlett, Maurice. The Spanish Jade. Doubleday, Page & Co. 90 cents net.
Hind, C. Lewis. The Diary of a Looker On. Lane. $2.
Horne, Charles F. The Technique of the Novel. Harpers. $1.50 net.
Hume, Fergus. The Red Skull. Dodge Publishing Co.
Johns, C. H. W. Cuneiform Inscriptions, Chaldean, Babylonian and Assyrian Collections contained in the Library of J. Pierpont Morgan. Robert Grier Cooke.
Lewis, Alfred Henry. Wolfville Days. Appletons. $1.50.
Mabie, Henry C. How Does the Death of Christ Save Us? Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 50 cts. net.
Macy, John. Edgar Allan Poe. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 75 cents.
Miller, Olive Thorne. The Bird Our Brother. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Moore, Frederick. The Passing of Morocco. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Nesbit, E. The Enchanted Castle. Harpers. $1.25.
Newmarch, Rosa. Tchaikovsky: His Life and Works. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.
Oman, Charles. A History of the Peninsular War. Vol. III. Henry Frowde. $4.75 net.
Oppenheim, E. Phillips. The Avenger. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Parker, J. Ellis. British Socialism. Imported by Scribners. $3 net.
Quiller-Couch, A. T. Selections from John Bunyan; George Crabbe; William Cowper; Daniel Defoe. Henry Frowde.
Roberts, Theodore. Capt. Love. Boston: Page. $1.50.
Rives, Amélie. The Golden Rose. Harpers. $1.25.
Rousseau, Annales de la Société Jean-Jacques. Geneva: A. Jullien.
Sanborn, Kate. Old Time Wall Papers. Dutton. $5 net.
Sargent, Charles Sprague. Trees and Shrubs. Vol. II., Part II. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co.
Schmiedel-Eisenach, Otto. Richard Wagners religiöse Weltanschauung. Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr.
Spargo, John. The Common Sense of Socialism. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Sparks, Samuel Justin. In the Bend of the Estataue. Broadway Publishing Co. 75 cents.
Steele, Zadock, Captivity and Sufferings of. Springfield, Mass.: H. R. Huntting Co.
Sue, Eugene. The Poniard's Hilt. Translated by Daniel De Leon. New York Labor News Co.
Taylor, William H. De Quibus. Richmond, Va.: Bell Book and Stationery Co.
Tree of Knowledge. Stuyvesant Press. $1.50.
Vorse, Mary Heaton. The Breaking in of a Yachtsman's Wife. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50..
Walker, Edwin C. Moncure Daniel Conway. Published by the author.
White, Fred M. The Five Knots. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Winchevsky, Morris. Stories of the Struggle. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr Co.
Yeigh, Frank. 1908 Edition of 5,000 Facts About Canada. Toronto: Canadian Facts Publishing Co. 25 cents.
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